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THE WINTER'S TALE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 18

The Winter's Tale
The Tempest

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Winter's Tale appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the "Comedies." It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the "Names of the Actors" are given.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

(I) Apart from considerations of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610–1611:—(i) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of Master of the Revels in August, 1610. (ii) Dr. Simon Forman in his *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof* has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theater on May 15, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612–1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*."

(II) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evidence:—(i) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV, no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii) the logical structure is "more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's"; (iv) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v) finally, there are the unmistakable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*, "its companion and complement"—the Romances which belong to the close of the poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; "Timon the misanthrope" no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> "O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
> That has such people in 't!"

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels, *Pandosto: the Triumph of Time* (*or, Dorastus and Fawnia*); "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of

fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*" [1] The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, "Maister of Artes in Cambridge," whose death-bed utterances, reported in his *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, anticipated a veritable "Triumph of Time," save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum*, "Maister of Artes in Neither University," was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, "the only Shake-scene in a country." The "scald, lying, trivial pamphlet" (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale*, at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he "beautified himself" with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia*.[2]

THE NOVEL AND THE PLAY

Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i) in the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamored of his unknown daughter; (iii) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv) Hermione's character is ennobled

[1] Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*. (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

[2] A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido*, as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

"Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,
To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?"

throughout; Shakespeare admits no "incautiousness" on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily, the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connection with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale*, from this latter point of view, suggests comparison with the "tragi-comedy" of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.[1]

AUTOLYCUS

Shakespeare's rogue has distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his

[1] *Cp.* the passage quoted above, which has been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'erpower my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest. . . .
Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine."
—(W. F. Nevins.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly "lives, though yet she speaks not"; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX of the *Odyssey*, 392–8:—

> "Autolycus, who th' art
> Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
> But by equivocation) first adorn'd
> Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
> By Jove's descend'nt, ingenious Mercury." [1]

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favorite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI).[2]

THE SEABOARD OF BOHEMIA

Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous *Conversations*, recorded that Ben Jonson said, "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geopraphical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in "a winter's tale": he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Guilio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

> "It is in my power
> To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
> To plant and o'erwhelm custom."

[1] Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp. "My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles."*

[2] It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's *Book of Dives Pragmaticus*, 1563 (reprinted in Huth's *Fugitive Tracts*, 1875).

THE DURATION OF ACTION

The Winter's Tale, with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,[1] may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed "Unity of Time"—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both "time and place." *The Winter's Tale*, perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasizes, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

> "Now Grown in Grace
> Equal with Wondering."

[1] Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. sc. iv. and Act V., *i. e.* the seventh and eighth days.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The earliest notice we have of *The Winter's Tale* is from the manuscript *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, lately discovered in the Ashmolean Museum. The description there given is so close as to leave no room for doubt or mistake; bearing date May 15, 1611, and running thus: "Observe there how Leontes, king of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him, who gave the king of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, etc.; and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipci, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the king of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, etc. Beware of trusting feigned beggars and fawning fellows."

Malone once thought *The Winter's Tale* to have been written in 1604; but he gave up this opinion late in life upon finding it stated in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels in 1623, that *The Winter's Tale* was "an old play formerly allowed of by Sir George Buck." Buck became Master of the Revels in October, 1610, which office he held till May, 1622. So that we may fairly conclude the play to have been new, and probably in its first run, when Forman saw it at the Globe Theater.

It also appears from the accounts of Sir George Buck, that "a play called *The Winter's Night's Tale*" was acted at Whitehall by "the king's players," November 5, 1611. As the king's players were the company to which Shakespeare belonged, there can be little doubt that *The Winter's Night's Tale* was Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*. In the same account are included eleven other plays, *The Tempest* being one, the oldest of which probably had not been written more than three years; which yields something of an argument that *The Winter's Tale* was selected for performance at court because it was then popular and new. Both this play and *The Tempest* are most likely referred to by Ben Jonson in his *Bartholomew Fair*, which was first acted in 1614; and that the style of the reference favors the opinion that the plays had not then lost the charm of novelty. Upon the whole, therefore, we have no scruple in setting down the composition of *The Winter's Tale* to the winter of 1610–1611, when the Poet was in his forty-sixth year.

That *The Winter's Tale* was written after *The Tempest*, has been justly argued by Mr. Collier, and for this reason: Shakespeare, as we shall presently see, in his plot and story closely follows the *Pandosto* of Robert Greene. In the novel, however, the new-born babe is put into a boat and turned adrift at sea without a keeper, and so floats to the place where she is found by the shepherd: and there is no apparent reason why Shakespeare should have varied from the novel herein, unless it were to avoid a repetition of inci-

dent; he having already done a similar thing in the case of Prospero and Miranda.

As for the rest, *The Winter's Tale* first appeared in the folio of 1623, being the fourteenth in the series of Comedies, regularly divided into acts and scenes, and having at the end a list of the persons headed "The Names of the Actors." The printing is remarkably clear, though in several passages the sense is so perplexed and obscure as to make us regret the want of earlier impressions.

Greene's *Pandosto*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Dorastus and Fawnia*, seems to have been one of the most successful books of the time; there being no less than fourteen old editions of it known, the first of which was in 1588, and the second in 1607; and between these there were, no doubt, several editions that have been lost, as that was the very time when it would naturally have been in the greatest demand. Greene was a scholar, a man of some genius, Master of Arts in both the Universities, and had indeed much more of learning than of judgment in the use and application thereof; it having been seemingly impossible for him to write without overloading his pages with classical allusion, or to hit upon any thought so trite and commonplace but that he must run it through a series of aphoristic sentences twisted out of Greek and Roman lore. Like all the surviving works of Greene, *Pandosto* is greatly charged with learned impertinence, and in the annoyance thence resulting one is apt to overlook the real merit of the performance. It is better than Lodge's *Rosalynd* for this reason, if for no other, that it is shorter. It has been lately republished by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare Library*. How largely the Poet drew from this source may be seen by the following abstract.

Pandosto, king of Bohemia, and Egistus, king of Sicilia, had passed their childhood together, and grown into such a mutual friendship as kept its hold on them long after coming to their several crowns. Pandosto had for his wife a very beautiful, wise, and virtuous lady, named Bellaria,

with whom he led a most sweet and happy life, and who had borne him a son, called Garinter, in whom both himself and his subjects greatly delighted. After many years of separation, Egistus "provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion," who hearing of his arrival went with a great train of lords and ladies to meet him, received him very lovingly, and wished his wife to welcome him as his old friend and acquaintance. Having saluted and embraced each other, they rode to the palace, recounting how they had spent their youth in friendly pastimes; and no pains were spared to honor the royal visitor, and make him feel at home. Bellaria, "to show how much she liked him whom her husband loved," treated Egistus with great confidence, often going herself unto his chamber to see that nothing should be amiss. This honest familiarity increased daily; for, each finding the other adorned with sundry excellent qualities, "there grew such a secret uniting of affections that the one could not well be without the other's company"; insomuch that when Pandosto was busy with state affairs they would walk into the garden, and pass their time in pleasant devices. This continuing some time, Pandosto began to have doubtful thoughts, calling to mind the beauty of his wife, the comeliness and bravery of his friend; and considering "that Egistus was a man and must needs love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject to love." These and such thoughts, "a long time smothering in his stomach," at last grew to a flaming jealousy, so that he could take no rest; he began to measure all their actions, to misconstrue their familiarity, and to watch them narrowly, if he could get any certain proof to confirm his suspicions. His mind soon became so charged with jealousy that he was quite sure of what he feared, and studied for nothing so much as revenge. He resolved to work by poison, and called upon his cup-bearer, Franion, to serve as agent in this black design; who standing out and trying to dissuade him therefrom, he set before him the alternative of preferment and death. Being thus be-

set, and seeing no way but to dissemble, Franion gave his consent, thereby to gain time, and then, after some debate with himself, went to Egistus and told him the secret, and stole away with him. No sooner were they fairly off than the king, full of rage at being thus baffled, let loose his fury against the queen, giving order that she should forthwith be carried to prison. When the men put upon this work came to her lodging, they found her playing with the young prince: they wept as they did the message, and she, having nothing but a clear conscience to plead her cause, resigned herself to the hard measure. The king then had his suspicion proclaimed as a certain truth, and though the queen's character went far to discredit the charge, yet the sudden flight of Egistus caused it to be believed. And he would fain have made war upon Egistus, but that the latter not only was of great strength and prowess to withstand him, but had many kings in his alliance, his wife being daughter to the Emperor of Russia.

Meanwhile the queen in prison gave birth to a daughter; which when the king heard of, being certain that Egistus was father of the child, he ordered that both the mother and the babe should be burned. Against this cruel sentence his nobles stoutly remonstrated; but the most they could prevail with him was, that he should spare the child's life; his next device being to put it in a boat and leave it to the mercy of the winds and seas. At the hearing of this hard doom the poor queen fell down in a trance, so that all thought her dead; but at last, coming to herself, she yielded up the babe, at the same time saying,—"Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if fortune save thee it may help to succor thee."

When the time came for the queen's trial, the king assembled his nobles and counselors, and had her called into open court. The charge being read, she, standing like a prisoner at the bar, and seeing that nothing less than her death would satisfy the king, "waxed bold, and desired that she might have law and justice, for mercy she neither

craved nor hoped for"; and that her accusers might be brought before her face. The king replied, that they were of such credit that their word was enough, the secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirming what they had said; that it was her part "to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault"; and that she should be punished with some cruel death. Undismayed at this rough answer, she told him her life had ever been such as no spot of suspicion could stain; and that, if she had borne a friendly countenance towards Egistus, it was only as he was her husband's friend; "therefore, if she were condemned without further proof, it was rigor, and not law." The noblemen who sat as judges said she spoke reason, and entreated that her accusers might be openly examined and sworn: the king answered, that in this case he would dispense with law, and that the jury should take his word as sufficient proof, else he would make the proudest of them repent it. The queen then told him, that if his fury might stand for law it were vain for the jury to yield their verdict; and therefore she begged that for the love of his young son he would send six of his noblemen to "the Isle of Delphos," there to inquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she were guilty of the crime laid to her charge. This request he could not for shame deny, and so despatched the messengers, ordering that his wife meanwhile should be kept in close prison. The ambassadors making all haste soon came back with the sealed answer of Apollo; whereupon, the nobles and counselors being again assembled, and the queen brought into court, the scroll was opened and read in their presence, its contents being much the same as in the play; and at the hearing thereof the people gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear. Then the king, smitten with shame and remorse, besought his nobles that they would persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries, and went on to tell how he had tried to compass the death of Egistus. While he was telling this, word came that the young prince was suddenly dead; at the hearing

of which the queen fell down, and could never be revived: the king also sunk down senseless, and lay in that state three days; and there was nothing but mourning to be heard throughout Bohemia. The king, upon reviving, being in a frenzy of grief and horror, would have killed himself, but that his peers being present stayed him therefrom, entreating him to spare his life for his people's sake. As soon as he could go abroad he had his wife and son very richly and piously entombed; and from that time forth repaired daily to the tomb to bewail his loss.

Now the boat containing his infant daughter was carried by tempest and tide to the coast of Sicilia, where it stuck in the sand. A poor shepherd, who got his living by other men's flocks, chanced to miss one of his sheep, and, knowing they were fond of browsing on the sea-ivy, wandered thither in search of it. As he was about to return he heard a child cry, and, there being no house near, thought it might be the bleating of his sheep; and going to look more narrowly he spied a little boat from which the cry seemed to come. After wondering awhile what it might be, he waded to the boat, and found the babe lying there ready to die of hunger and cold, wrapped in an embroidered mantle, and having a chain about the neck. As he had never before seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, he at first thought it was a little god, and went to worshiping it; but when it began to cry again he knew it was a child, and, being touched with pity, took it in his arms, and as he was fixing the mantle there fell at his feet a very fair rich purse containing a great sum of gold, whereat his spirits were much revived. That he might keep this wealth, he was careful to let nothing of his discovery be known: so he took the babe home as secretly as he could, gave it in charge to his wife, telling her how he had found it, and after that went to his sheep with a merry note. The shepherd's name was Porrus, his wife's Mopsa; the precious foundling they named Fawnia; and, being themselves childless, they bred her up tenderly as their own daughter, and became very fond of her, seeing that she waxed in beauty

as in age; and she in turn grew to love them as her father and mother. With the gold Porrus bought a pretty farm and a small flock of sheep, which Fawnia at the age of ten was set to keep; and she did this so well that the flock prospered greatly in her care. In a short time the shepherd became a man of some wealth and credit; and as Fawnia was likely to be his only heir, many rich farmers' sons came to his house as wooers; for she was of singular beauty and excellent wit, and at sixteen grew to such perfection of mind and person that her praises were spoken at court. Nevertheless she still went forth every day with the sheep, veiling her face from the sun with a garland of flowers, which attire became her so well that "she seemed to be the goddess Flora herself for beauty."

Now Egistus had an only son, named Dorastus, about the age of twenty; a prince so adorned with the gifts of nature and fraught with virtuous qualities, that both king and people had great joy of him. He being now of a ripe age, his father sought to match him with some princess; but the youth was little minded to wed, as he had more pleasure in the exercises of the field and the chase. About this time there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in that section, and Fawnia was the mistress of the feast; and as evening drew on and their sports ceased, taking a companion along, she went home by the flock to see that they were well folded; and it chanced that the prince, who had been hunting all that day, met them on the way, and casting his eye upon Fawnia "he was half afraid, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be in any mortal creature": and as he stood amazed one of his pages told him the maid was Fawnia, she whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Falling into conversation with her, he was still more charmed with her inward graces of mind, and upon going home his thoughts were so bewitched with this vision that he could take no rest. She, too, was equally taken with his noble person and manly behavior; and all that night she was kept awake with thinking of him, or if at any time she fell asleep she was still dreaming of him.

After this he would sometimes steal from court alone to the place where the shepherdess kept her flock; and the more they were together the more they could not bear to be asunder, for there was no thought between them but of honor and truth; and when at last he told how he loved her, and asked if she would be his, she answered,—"Yes, when Dorastus becomes a shepherd." After thinking some while with himself he resolved to do this, saying,—"Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherd's weeds: the heavenly gods have sometimes earthly thoughts. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd; they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love." So, the next time he came disguised as a shepherd, insomuch that she at first thought him to be one indeed; but when she saw he was the prince she rose up modestly and saluted him; and he taking her gently by the hand repaid her courtesy with a kiss, and prayed her to sit down by his side, saying,—"Fawnia, thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he ceased to be a prince, and became a shepherd; and see, I have made the change, not to miss of my choice." Thus their sweet courtship ended in a mutual vow and troth-plight; she saying,—"I yield, resting Dorastus' handmaid, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice to his honor, nor to my credit"; and he "swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune should diminish his affection, but that he would remain loyal unto death."

The prince knew his father's consent could not be won to such a match: so he determined to provide a mass of money and many rich jewels, and to flee into Italy till he should either make terms with his father or succeed to the crown; with which device Fawnia was much pleased; for she feared, that if the king should hear of the contract his anger would be such as nothing but death might appease. She therefore kept to the care of her flock, the prince visiting her every day in the disguise of a shepherd, till he could put all things in readiness for their departure. And because he could not well do this alone, he made an old servant, named Capnio, privy to his affairs; who, being

unable to shake his purpose, dealt so secretly in the cause that every thing was soon ready for the passage. In the night time he conveyed the treasures into the ship, and by secret means let Fawnia know they were to start the next morning; and she, rising very early, and going out as to her flock, waited for the prince, who coming along presently, they hastened together to the haven, and got safe aboard, and were ready to sail as soon as Capnio should come.

Meanwhile the secret meetings of the lovers had come to the old shepherd's ears; who, fearing what mischief might grow therefrom both to Fawnia and himself, resolved to carry the mantle and jewels to the king, and inform him all how he had found her; hoping that he would take her into his service, and let him pass unblamed. As he was making for the palace on this business, Capnio, being on his way to the ship, met him, and, knowing he was Fawnia's father, and suspecting some mischief, and being a wily fellow, began to question him, and soon drew from him all what he was going about; then told him he did but lose his labor in going to the palace, for the king meant that day to take the sea air, and that if he would follow his counsel and turn back with him to the haven, he should speak with the king there. This advice the old man gladly took, and when they were come to the sea-side Capnio asked him to go and see the ship, and, he declining this, had him carried on board by force; which done, they forthwith set sail and were off. A terrible storm overtaking them at sea, they were well nigh devoured by the waves; were driven from their course, and after some days landed in Bohemia. Dorastus, knowing what had passed between his father and Pandosto, was half afraid to go ashore, but Capnio advised him to conceal his real name and country till he could get passage into Italy; which advice he readily followed. This matter being duly arranged, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was soon spread through the city, and came to the king's ear, who thereupon grew so curious to see her that he had them apprehended as spies, and brought to the

court. At the first sight he fell passionately in love with her, and, that he might stay her in his eye, went to quarreling with the prince, sternly demanding their names, and whence they came, and why they were there; and when Dorastus gave a fictitious account of himself, he feigned not to believe his story, and caused him to be put in prison till the truth might appear. This done, he then went to courting Fawnia with all his might, and, after a deal of passionate solicitation, being still repulsed, he at last flung from her in a rage, swearing that if she would not yield to reason, she should to force; all which only caused her to hate him the more.

While the king was nursing this wicked purpose there came ambassadors from Egistus, who, hearing through certain Bohemian merchants of his son's imprisonment by Pandosto, had sent to have him set free, and Fawnia and Porrus put to death. Pandosto received the ambassadors with great honor, to make amends for his former injuries to their king; and, being certified by them that his prisoner was Dorastus, forthwith ordered his release, embraced him very lovingly, and had him seated by his side in a chair of state. By this time Pandosto's love of Fawnia was turned to deadly hate; and as he was proceeding to execute the will of Egistus on her and Porrus, the latter, to save his own life, declared the whole truth concerning her, at the same time showing the chain and jewels he had found with her in the boat. As soon as this was done the king leaped from his seat and kissed Fawnia, saying she was his daughter whom he had sent to float in the seas. Then was Fawnia joyful that she had found such a father; Dorastus glad he should have such a wife; the ambassadors rejoiced that their prince had made such a choice, and that the kingdoms would now be reconciled in close amity; and the Bohemians made bonfires and shows to express their joy at the finding of their lost princess. After some time passed in sports and rejoicings Pandosto made the old shepherd a knight, and, a sufficient navy being provided, all set sail together for Sicilia, where they were

sumptuously entertained by Egistus, and the marriage of the young lovers celebrated; which being ended, Pandosto, calling to mind how he had betrayed Egistus, and caused the death of Bellaria, and then lusted after his own daughter, "fell into a melancholy fit, and, to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, slew himself."

From this sketch it would seem that Shakespeare must have written with the novel before him, and not merely from general recollection. We have been careful to take in whatsoever points and particulars of the story may have furnished anything towards the play; our aim being to set forth the Poet's obligations at large: to appreciate his superiority in judgment and taste, one must consult the original, and see what he left. The free sailing between Sicily and Bohemia he retained, reversing, however, the local order of the incidents, so that Polixenes and Florizel are Bohemian princes, whereas their prototypes were Sicilians. In the novel Paulina and the Clown are wanting altogether, and Capnio yields but a slight hint, if indeed it be so much, towards the part of Autolycus. And, besides the great addition of life and matter in these persons, the play has several other judicious departures from the novel. In Leontes all the revolting features of Pandosto, save his jealousy and the headstrong insolence and tyranny consequent thereon, are purged away; so that while the latter has neither intellect nor generosity to redeem his character, jealousy being the least of his faults, the other has a liberal stock of both. And in Bellaria the Poet had little more than a bare framework of incident wherein to set the noble, lofty womanhood of Hermione,—a conception far, far above the reach of such a mind as Greene's. In the matter of the painted statue Shakespeare, so far as we know, was altogether without a model, as he is without an imitator; the boldness of the plan being such indeed as nothing but entire success could justify, and wherein we can scarce conceive of anybody but Shakespeare's having succeeded. And yet here it is that we are to look for the idea and formal cause of Hermione's char-

acter, while her character, again, is the shaping and informing power of the whole drama. For this idea is really the prolific germ out of which the entire work is evolved, the living center and organic law in and around which all the parts are vitally knit together. But, indeed, largely as the Poet here drew from his predecessor, his own most original and inimitable method of conceiving and working out character is everywhere dominant.

In the delineation of Leontes there is an abruptness of change, which certainly, at first view, strikes us as not a little a-clash with nature: we cannot well see how one state of mind grows out of a preceding state: his jealousy shoots in comet-like, seems out of place and keeping, as something unprovided for in the general ordering of his character. Which makes that this feature appears to have been suggested rather by the exigencies of the stage than by the natural workings of human passion. And herein the Poet seems strangely at variance with himself; his usual method being to unfold a passion in its rise and progress, its turns and vicissitudes, so that we go along with it freely from its origin to its consummation; and if, which is sometimes the case, he usher in a passion at its full height, he so manages to throw the mind back or around upon various predisposing causes and circumstances, as to generate a spontaneous concurrence of our feelings with the whole representation. And, certainly, there is no accounting for Leontes' conduct but by supposing a strong predisposition to jealousy in him, which, however, has been hitherto kept latent by his wife's clear, firm, serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she, under a special pressure of motives, slightly overacts the confidence of friendship. There needed but a spark of occasion to set this secret magazine of passion all a-blaze. Wherein, after all, is but exemplified the strange transformations that do sometimes occur in men upon sudden and unforeseen emergencies. And it is observable that the very slightness of the queen's indiscretion, the fact that she goes but a

little, a very little too far, only works against her, causing the king to suspect her of great effort and care to avoid suspicion. And on the same principle, because he has never suspected her before, therefore he suspects her all the more vehemently now: that his confidence has heretofore stood unshaken and even untouched, he attributes to extreme artfulness on her part; for even so, to an ill-disposed mind, perfect innocence is apt to give an impression of consummate art.—A passion thus groundless and self-generated might well be full-grown as soon as born: and it is the more greedy and craving, that it has nothing real to eat; and so proceeds at once to "make the meat it feeds on," causing him to magnify whatsoever he sees, and to imagine many things that are not. That jealousy, however, is not the habit of his mind, appears in that it takes him by surprise, and finds him totally unprepared; insomuch that he forthwith loses all self-control, and runs right athwart the rules of common prudence and decorum, and becomes an object at once of pity, hatred, and scorn.

The workings of his passion have been critically traced by Coleridge in a passage which we should scarce be pardoned for omitting. "Jealousy," says he, "is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humor, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them; in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct

from a high sense of honor, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

The Poet manages with great art to bring Leontes off from the disgraces of his passion, and repeal him home to our sympathies, which had been freely drawn out to him at first by his generous cordiality of friendship. And to this end jealousy is represented as his only fault, and this as a sudden freak, which passes on directly into a frenzy, and whips him quite out of himself, temporarily overriding his characteristic qualities, but not combining with them; the more violent for being unwonted, and the shorter lived for being violent. In his firm, compact energy of thought and speech, after his passion has cleared itself, and in his perennial gushes of repentant sorrow after his bereavement, are displayed the real tone and texture of his character. Quick, impulsive, headstrong, he admits no bounds to anger or to penitence; condemns himself as vehemently as he does others; will spend his life in atoning for a wrong he has done in a moment of passion: and others are the more willing to forgive him, forasmuch as he never forgives himself.

The old poets seem to have contemplated a much wider range of female excellence than it has since grown customary to allow; taking for granted, apparently, that whatsoever we feel to be most divine in man might be equally so in woman; and so pouring into their conceptions of womanhood a certain *manliness* of soul, wherein we realize a union of what is lovely with what is honorable,—a combination which any right-minded man would naturally fear as well as fancy; which would inspire him at the same time with tenderness and with awe. Their ideas of delicacy did not preclude strength; and in the female character they were rather pleased than otherwise to have the sweetness of the violet blended with the nobleness of the oak; probably because they saw and felt that woman might be big-hearted and brave-minded, and yet be none the less womanly; and that love might build all the higher

and firmer for having its foundations laid deep in respect. This largeness of heart and liberality of thought often comes out in their writings, and that, too, whether in dealing with ideal or with actual women; which suggests that there must have been something in the spirit of the age and in the characters they saw, to favor them herein; that in what they chose to create they were much influenced by what they were accustomed to perceive. Of this the aptest illustration that our reading has lit upon is in Ben Jonson's lines on the Countess of Bedford, describing "what kind of creature I could most desire to honor, serve, and love":

> "I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
> Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
> I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
> Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat:
> I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
> Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
> I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
> Fit in that softer bosom to reside:
> Only a learned and a manly soul
> I purpos'd her; that should, with even powers,
> The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
> Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours."

That Shakespeare fully shared in this magnanimous bravery of sentiment, we need no further proof than is furnished in the heroine of this play; whom we can scarce call sweet, or gentle, though she is both; she is a *noble* woman,—one that, even in her greatest anguish, we hardly *dare* to pity. As she acts the part of a statue in the play, so she has a statue-like calmness and firmness of soul. A certain austere sweetness pervades her whole demeanor, and seems, as it were, the essential form of her life. Appearing at first as the cheerful hostess of her husband's friend, and stooping from her queenly elevation to the most winning affabilities, her behavior rises in dignity as her sorrow deepens. With an equal sense of what is due to the king as her husband, and to herself as a woman, a wife, and a mother, she knows how to reconcile all these de-

mands; she therefore resists without violence, and submits without weakness. And what her wise spirit sees to be fit and becoming, that she always has strength and steadiness of character to do: for which cause, notwithstanding the insults and hardships wantonly put upon her, she still preserves the smoothnesses of peace; is never betrayed into the least sign of anger, or impatience, or resentment, but maintains, throughout, perfect order and fitness and proportion in act and speech: the charge, so dreadful in itself, and so cruel in its circumstances, neither rousing her passions, as it would Paulina's, nor stunning her sensibilities, as in case of Desdemona; but, like the sinking of lead in the ocean's bosom, going to the depths without ruffling the surface of her soul. Her situation is indeed full of pathos, —a pathos the more deeply-moving to others, that it stirs no tumults in her; for her nature is manifestly fitted up and furnished with all tender and gentle and womanly feelings, only she has the force of mind to control them, and keep them all in the right place and degree. And thus amidst the worst that can befall she remains within the region of herself, calm and serenely beautiful, stands firm, yet full of grace, in the austere strengths of reason and conscious rectitude. And when at her terrible wrongs and sufferings all hearts are shaken, all eyes wet, but her own, the impression made by her stout-hearted fortitude is of one whose pure, tranquil, innocent breast is the home of sorrows too big for any eye-messengers to report; a place where none but majestic pains may dwell; and that she has "that honorable grief lodged there, which burns worse than tears drown."

The long concealing of herself has been censured by some as repugnant to nature. It does not seem repugnant to nature as individualized by her reason and will; nor is her character herein more above or out of nature than the ideal of art abundantly warrants. For to her keen sensibility of honor the king's treatment is literally an *infinite* wrong; nor does its cruelty more wound her affection than its meanness quenches her respect; and one so

strong to bear injury might well be equally strong to remember it. And she knows full well that in so delicate an instrument as married life if one string be out of tune, the whole is ajar, and will yield no music: for her, therefore, all things must be right, else none are so. And she is both too clear of mind and too upright of heart to put herself where she cannot be precisely what the laws of propriety and decorum require her to seem. Accordingly, when she does forgive, the forgiveness is simply perfect; the breach that has been so long a-healing is at length *completely* healed; every part of her being is in concert with her hand; for to be entire in whatsoever she does, to "move all together, if she move at all," is both an impulse of nature and a law of conscience with her. Moreover, with her severe chastity of principle the reconciliation to her husband must begin where the separation grew: they can never be reunited save in the offspring and representative of their former union; she can never be again his wife but as the mother of his child. Nor, on the other hand, can she be the mother of his child but as his wife: where they are father and mother, there they are and must be one. Thus it was for Perdita alone to restore the parental unity which her being expresses, but of which she had occasioned the breaking.

During the first three acts the interest of this play is mainly tragical; the scene is densely crowded with incidents; the action hurried, abrupt, almost spasmodic; the style, suiting the matter, quick, sharp, severe, flashing off point after point in brief, sinewy strokes; and all is rapidity and despatch: what with the insane jealousy of the king, the noble agony of the queen, the enthusiasm of the court in her behalf, and the king's violence towards both them and her, the mind is kept on the jump: all which, if continued to the end, would generate rather a tumult and hubbub in the thoughts, than that inward music which the title of the play promises; not to say, that such a prolonged hurry of movement and stretch of expectation would at length become monotonous and wearisome in themselves.

Far otherwise the latter half of the play: here the anticipations proper to a long, leisurely winter evening are fully met: the general effect is soothing and composing; the tones, dipped in sweetness, fall gently on the ear, disposing the mind to be still, and listen, and contemplate; thus making the play, what Coleridge pronounces it, "exquisitely respondent to the title." It would seem, indeed, that in these scenes the Poet had for once specially endeavored how much of silent effect he could produce, without deserting the form or substance of the drama: and to do this he provides resting-places for thought, suspends or retards the action by musical pauses and periods of lyrical movement; breathing in the mellowest strains of poetical harmony, till the eye is "made quiet by the power of beauty," and all tumult of mind is hushed in the very intensity of feeling.

In the last two acts we have a most artful interchange and blending of romantic beauty and comic drollery. The lost princess and the heir-apparent of Bohemia, two of the noblest and loveliest beings that ever fancy conceived, occupy the center of the picture, while around them are clustered rustic shepherds and sherpherdesses amid their pastimes and pursuits, the whole being enlivened by the tricks and humors of a merry peddler and pickpocket. For simple purity and sweetness the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the prince and princess is not surpassed by anything in Shakespeare. Whatsoever is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, and sacred in faith, is here concentrated; forming, all together, one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth forever.

Perdita, notwithstanding she occupies so little room in the play, fills a large space in the reader's thoughts, almost disputing precedence with the queen. And her mother's best native qualities reappear in her, sweetly modified by pastoral associations: her nature being really much the same, only it has been developed and seasoned in a differ-

ent atmosphere, and amid far other influences;—a nature too strong indeed to be displaced by any power of circumstances or supervenings of art, but at the same time too delicate and susceptive not to take a lively and lasting impress of them. So that, though she have thoroughly assimilated, still she clearly indicates, the food of place and education; insomuch that the dignities of the princely and the simplicities of the pastoral character seem striving which shall express her goodliest. We can scarce call her a poetical being; she is rather poetry itself, and every thing lends and borrows beauty at her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see her with them we are at loss whether they take more inspiration from her, or she from them. If, as Schlegel somewhere remarks, the Poet be "particularly fond of showing the superiority of the innate over the acquired," surely he has nowhere done it with finer effect than in this "prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward." There is much to suggest a comparison between Perdita and Miranda; yet how shall we compare them? Perfectly distinct, indeed, as individuals, still their characters are strikingly similar; only Perdita has perhaps a sweeter gracefulness, the freedom, simplicity, and playfulness of nature being in her case less checked by influences from without; while Miranda carries more of a magical and mysterious charm, woven into her character by the supernatural ministers that obey her father's so potent art. So like, and yet so different, it is hardly possible to say which is best of the two; or rather it seems impossible not to like her best with whom we last conversed.

Of Florizel it is enough to say, that none but a living abstract and sum total of all that is manly could have so felt the perfections of such a woman. He is manifestly drawn and held to her by a powerful instinct of congeniality: but that his spirit were akin to hers, he would not have found out his peer through such a disguise of circumstances. And then, the heavenly purity of their courtship!

who, O who can be untouched, unsweetened by it, and still hope to be forgiven!

The minor characters of this charming play are both finely conceived and skillfully disposed; the one giving them a large personal, the other a larger dramatic interest; while at the same time they are so diversified as to secure all the effect that mere variety can yield.—Paulina is perhaps the most amiable termagant that we have any portrait of. Without any of the queen's dignified calmness and reserve, she is alive to all her beauty and greatness of character: with a head to understand and a heart to reverence such a woman, she unites a temper to fight, a generosity to die for her. Loud, voluble, violent, and viraginous, with a tongue sharper than a sword, and an eloquence that almost blisters where it touches, she has, therewithal, too much honor and magnanimity either to use them without good cause or to forbear them when she has such cause. Mrs. Jameson classes her, and justly, no doubt, among the women, and she assures us there are many such, who seem regardless of the feelings of those for whom they would sacrifice their life.—Shakespeare was perhaps a little too fond of placing his characters in exigencies where they have to be false, in order to be the truer: which doubtless happens sometimes; yet, surely, in so delicate a point of morality, some care is needful, lest the exceptions grow to oversway rather than establish the rule. And something too much of this there may be in case of the honest, upright, yet deceiving old lord, Camillo; who, though little more than a staff in the drama, is nevertheless a pillar of state; his integrity and wisdom making him a light to the counsels and a guide to the footsteps of the greatest around him. Fit to be the stay of princes, he is one of those venerable relics of the past, which show us how beautiful age can be, and which, linking together different generations, form at once the salt of society and the strength of government.—Autolycus, the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," is the most amiable and ingenious rogue we

shall desire to see; who cheats almost as divinely as those about him love, and whose thieving tricks the very gods seem to crown with thrift as a reward for his wit. His self-raillery and droll soliloquizing upon the sins of his own committing leaves it rather uncertain whether he does them more for lucre or for fun.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

LEONTES

Of the jealousy that animates Leontes, the jealousy that needs no extraneous prompting to suspicion Emilia, in *Othello*, gives a perfect description. In answer to the hope which she expresses to Desdemona that Othello's harsh bearing towards her is due to state affairs, and to "no conception, nor no jealous toy concerning you," Desdemona replies, "Alas the day, I never gave him cause!" To this Emila rejoins,—

> "But jealous souls will not be answered so;
> They are ever jealous for the cause,
> But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster
> Begot upon itself, born on itself!"

This is the jealousy which Shakespeare has portrayed in Leontes,—a jealousy without cause,—cruel, vindictive, and remorseless almost beyond belief. Othello, moreover, has been wedded, so far as we see, but a few brief weeks. He had not had time to prove how deeply Desdemona loved him. But years of happy wedlock had assured Leontes of Hermione's affection,—years in which he had tested the inward nobility which expressed itself in that majestic bearing, of which he speaks again and again, long after he has reason to believe her to be dead. Maintaining through all her life the charm of royal graciousness and dignity, she has inspired the chivalrously enthusiastic admiration and devotion of every member of the Court; a woman, in short, with whom no derogatory thought could be associated, being, as she is described by one of them, to be "so

sovereignly honorable."—MARTIN, *On Some of Shakespeare's Characters.*

The nature of Leontes is naturally noble; that we see afterwards. Even Paulina (and after she has known his crimes) confesses his nobility. But his nature is also weak; he is weak even in his repentance. Violence, it is said, goes with weakness; and the more furious the violence, the greater the weakness. Again, violence is often the refuge of that ignorance of what to do in trouble which results from the wavering of weak-mindedness. Then, again, the weak man knows he is weak, and is violent, as Richard II was, to hide his weakness from himself, or to prove himself strong. He who knows his strength has no desire to prove what he knows, and is quiet.

Excess of passion adds a new weakness to the natural weakness of Leontes. "I have *tremor cordis* on me," "My heart dances, but not for joy—not joy." Enervated by unbroken happiness, he has no guard against the invasion of jealousy. It reaches its full and maddest height in him. There is not one touch of any other passion, of any other thought but jealous thought, while the tempest lasts. He is not a man; he is jealousy itself.

This tempest of passion is brief: it dies as suddenly as it arose. Evil naturally exhausts itself, and all the more if the nature it attacks be good. And Leontes, originally a good but weak man, repents with as much passion as he sinned. But a good passion does not exhaust itself; on the contrary it grows in power. And then, the wrongdoer, having done deeds meet for repentance, gets the good, but not till then, of the evil trouble he has battled through. He suffers the inevitable punishment, but he conquers a higher goodness than he had when as yet his goodness was untried. And in the end Leontes attains full purification. Weakness in him becomes strength; pride, humility; remorse, repentance; sudden judgments, temperate acts; sorrow, sympathy with others; punishment, a means of progress; violence, steadfast obedience to law.

As to his native jealousy, it has been worked through. It cannot occur again. And its complete destruction means the destruction also of the other evil passions. When one passion, raised to its highest pitch of evil force, has been extinguished, there is no need to care about conquering the others. They are already beaten. For the thing to crush, in order to be self-conqueror, is not the passions, but their excess; and if we conquer excess in one, we conquer it in all. For then we have strengthened the will to win the good which is opposite to the evil in which we have been entangled; and if we have made the will strong, it is as strong against all the passions as it has been against one. The work is done, and needs not twice doing. The whole nature of Leontes is tempered into steadfast calm.—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

The contrast of the character and jealousies of Leontes and of Othello has frequently been remarked upon; it lies between the vice self-sown, self-born, and self-developed, and that which, however springing from a native germ, is only forced and ripened to venomous germination by the heat of tending malice, and the fostering of all unlucky moral and external circumstances. The jealousy of Leontes is the headlong plunge of the beast of prey that he is named after, and thinking of him with the lightly limbed and fine-thoughted Othello, we are reminded in a general way of the difference:—

"The headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green."

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not,—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive

of it,—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, not brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honor, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

HERMIONE

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own—yet sometimes;—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description: to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal

power:—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakespeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters, of whom it has been said proverbially, that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Shakespeare has given Leontes a wife and a monitress who are both better fitted to guide him to the false origin of his delusion than Desdemona and Emilia were with respect to Othello. Hermione is soft as "childhood and grace"; she is also full of dignity and majesty. She unites to Desdemona's goodness a discretion, thoughtfulness, and eloquence which the other did not possess. Desdemona consented unreflectingly to a secret marriage with the Moor, to whom she had offered herself; Hermione, on the legitimate proposal of Leontes, had required some months for consideration, then, however, she was his forever. This calm reflection, this resolution after reflection, this strong feeling of honor and duty, and the consciousness of moral nobility, penetrate the whole character of Hermione, and render it a strong contrast to Desdemona's. When she becomes aware of the suspicion of the king, she does not, like Desdemona, utter in her confusion things that may seem to criminate herself; her *husband* shrinks from uttering the word that would brand her whole life and character; but *she* does not, like Desdemona, shrink from it, because she is too conscious of her purity to fear that she could stain herself by it; notwithstanding her mental agitation, her answers are calm, even proud; she is sorrowfully firm in her resignation. She, like Desdemona, keeps back

her tears, but not like her from surprise and offense; they are contrary to her pious, resigned character, which makes her look upon this unexpected occurrence as sent for her good. She even bids her women spare their tears until they find she has deserved her imprisonment. To speak before the court of justice as Hermione did would have been hard for Desdemona; it was not her way to look her situation in the face; frightful presentiments arise in the depths of her soul, but she banishes them from her thoughts. Hermione, on the contrary, prepares for the worst, reconciles herself to the idea of losing her life, which, like her sorrow after the experience she has just had, she esteems but lightly; yet she, the Russian emperor's daughter, defends her honor with persuasive eloquence, lest her disgrace should descend upon her child. This outward honor would have been the last thing the sensitive Desdemona would have thought about; she had enjoyed too early and too bright a happiness, and she could not calmly have resigned both happiness and life. But then she had not witnessed the exposure of her child, she had not had time to reflect on the lost love of her husband; she had not been separated, as one infected, from her other child, and robbed of all regard. This had roused in Hermione the self-respect belonging to a woman, to the daughter of the emperor, and made her hear the accusation with dignity and magnanimity, and submit with patience to her fate. This calm and noble bearing, which would have shaken Othello in his delusion, made no impression upon her husband.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

When Claudio leaves us to pray at the tomb of his betrothed, we never let ourselves be moved at this grief; we know the tomb is empty; we have been expressly told that Hero is not dead, and that at the decisive moment she will reappear. But, on the contrary, in *The Winter's Tale,* the poet keeps the secret to himself; not for a single instant does he admit us to the councils of Fate. He wishes us to be involved in the despair of his characters;

he would have us, like Leontes, believe in the death of Hermione, and to the very last he leaves us the dupes of Paulina's device. Hence it is that the *dénouement* is profoundly solemn. Then, then our anxiety is at its height; and when the statue stirs, when marble becomes flesh, when the queen descends from the pedestal, it cannot be but that we are present at some magic invocation by a supernatural power, and at this unexpected resurrection, we feel an indescribable emotion of wonder and surprise.—Victor Hugo, *Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare.*

PERDITA

This love of truth, this *conscientiousness*, which forms so distinct a feature in the character of Perdita, and mingles with its picturesque delicacy a certain firmness and dignity, is maintained consistently to the last. When the two lovers fly together from Bohemia, and take refuge in the court of Leontes, the real father of Perdita, Florizel presents himself before the King with a feigned tale, in which he has been artfully instructed by the old counselor Camillo. During this scene, Perdita does not utter a word. In the strait in which they are placed, she cannot deny the story which Florizel relates—she will not confirm it. Her silence, in spite of all the compliments and greetings of Leontes, has a peculiar and characteristic grace; and at the conclusion of the scene, when they are betrayed, the truth bursts from her as if instinctively, and she exclaims, with emotion,

> The heavens set spies upon us—will not have
> Our contract celebrated.

—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

Nothing can be more fresh and youthful, nothing at once so ideally pastoral and princely as the love of Florizel and Perdita; of the Prince, whom love converts into a

voluntary shepherd; and the Princess, who betrays her exalted origin without knowing it, and in whose hands the nosegays become crowns. Shakespeare has never hesitated to place ideal poetry close by the side of the most vulgar prose; and this is also generally the case in the world of reality. Perdita's foster-father and his son are both made simple boors, that we may the more distinctly see that whatever ennobles her belongs to herself. The merry pedlar and pickpocket Autolycus, so inimitably portrayed, is necessary to complete the rustic feast, which Perdita, on her part, seems to render fit for an assemblage of deities in disguise.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures.*

PAULINA

Paulina—as we expect in these latest plays—is a striking advance on Emilia [in *Othello*]; she adds refinement to daring and fidelity. She represents that commonest example of the real, and rarest creation of the ideal—a woman whose attractiveness must be sought in her moral rather than her mental and physical qualities. Dramatically, moreover, she helps to bridge the long interval of sixteen years, and by her assiduous "counsels" to Leontes she does not a little to prepare us for the final reconciliation, and to lessen its repugnancy.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Paulina is one of the most admirable and original figures Shakespeare has put upon the stage. She has more courage than ten men, and possesses that natural eloquence and power of pathos which determined honesty and sound common sense can bestow upon a woman. She would go through fire and water for the queen whom she loves and trusts. She is untouched by sentimentality; there is as little of the erotic as there is of repugnance in her attitude towards her husband. Her treatment of the king's jealous frenzy reminds us of Emilia in *Othello,* but the resemblance ends there. In Paulina there is a vein of that rare metal

which we only find in excellent women of this not essentially feminine type. We meet it again in the nineteenth century in the character of Christiana Oehlenschläger as we see it in Hauch's beautiful commemorative poem.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

AUTOLYCUS

But for Autolycus, the ideal world would have wanted its most admirable rascal,—the actual world would have been deprived of a type for characters that are like him in everything but his brilliancy. For he is a brilliant scapegrace; a knave of many faculties; of sparkling versatility of parts; with wit equal to his thievery; quick, sharp and changeable. Most thoroughly Autolycus despises those whom he cheats; and he never loses his self-respect being detected, or by failure. He is equally perfect in the rogue's philosophy and practice. Next to the disgrace of being outwitted would be the infamy of being a stupid rustic and an honest man. "How blessed are we," he says, "that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these; therefore I'll not disdain." Excellent humility! the moderation of a mind really elevated, which is never insolent in superiority, because it feels that no human greatness is self-derived, but comes by Genius, Destiny, Opportunity. Autolycus is the generic charlatan, and is consummate in those arts of lying, fraud, and imposition, which constitute the character.—GILES, *Human Life in Shakespeare.*

Upon the whole, one can hardly help being half inclined to think that Autolycus, with his evident abilities, his enjoyment in the Daffodils, the songs of the birds (not forgetting the tirra-lirra of the lark), his real love *for*, and talents *in* Music, all weighed together, will ultimately turn over a new leaf in his course of life;—or,—which comes to the same thing,—one can hardly help fancying that it was Shakespeare's intention to point at some such possibil-

ity for this very remarkable Pedlar of *The Winter's Tale.* —Roffe, *A Musical Triad.*

ANTIGONUS

It is observable that the only person in the play who encounters the severity of retributive justice is the lord Antigonus; and we scarcely regret his fate since he lent himself to the king's cruelty (however unwillingly and by oath) to leave the infant Perdita on the desert seashore of a strange country; a savage hire,—and the wages he receives are as dispiteous, for he is devoured by a beast.— Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE REUNION

If the incidents of the play were supposed to conform to any standard of probabilities, we might wonder not only how the queen's presence close to the palace could be so long entirely concealed, but how Paulina's impulsive nature could bear the burden of her momentous secret till after Perdita's recovery. Shakspere, however, is not concerned to give plausibility to these strange events of his own devising, and all curious questionings are stilled in our rapt concentration upon the impressive closing scene. Hermione's stately repose of bearing fits her in unique degree to impersonate her own statue, and the dramatist has heightened the effect of the episode by the most subtle strokes of his art. Leontes' criticism that Hermione was not so wrinkled, as she appears in stone, and Paulina's answer that the sculptor has carved her as she would look had she lived; his instinctive desire to kiss her hand, checked by the warning that the statue is but newly fixed, and the color not dry; his growing wonder at this mockery of life by an art so rare that it can counterfeit breath and the motion of the eye;—all these touches intensify the agitation of the scene, and prepare us for the startling climax, when the statue steps down from the pedestal, and proves

capable of movement and of speech. But with fine instinct Shakspere does not lengthen out this episode. After Hermione's long seclusion few words befit her lips, and a silent surrender to her husband's embrace, followed by a prayer of blessing on her daughter's head, are sufficient tokens to those who know her nature of the measureless joy that floods her being at this reunion with those she loves.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

TRAGIC AND COMIC ELEMENTS

The play may meet with the objection of being tragical in the first three acts, and comic in the last two. Externally this certainly appears to be the case. But the objection holds good only upon a superficial examination of the piece and when individual features alone are considered. Viewed externally the comic elements—in the narrower sense of the word—are certainly crowded into the last two acts. But every careful reader will feel even in the first three acts that the whole is based upon the comic view of life. This is why the colors used to describe the jealousy of Leontes, the unhappiness of his wife, and the king's repentance and sorrow, are nowhere laid on with glaring thickness, but tempered and given in light touches. Even individual points in the declaration of the oracle, as, in fact, its very introduction into the play, points to a happy issue. Accordingly, the comic scenes at the shepherds' festival in Bohemia, and subsequently those in Sicilia, are most naturally connected with the conclusion of the third act. The contradiction is indeed not wholly removed; this could not be were it only on account of the circumstance that the last two acts are played sixteen years after the first, in quite new surroundings, under different relations and by different individuals. The division of the piece into two separate parts remains an undeniable defect in the composition. Still, what remains of the contradiction is nevertheless perfectly in keeping with the story-like character of the play and serves to bring this more prominently for-

ward. As in a tale, so here pain and anxiety are directly mingled with fantastic pleasure and grotesque merriment; as in a tale, the distance of time and place disappear in the mysterious haze which envelops the whole; as in a tale, the apparently widely-diverging threads are ultimately wound one into another and form an harmonious design, in which every figure receives its proper place.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Leontes, *king of Sicilia*
Mamillius, *young prince of Sicilia*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion, } *Four Lords of Sicilia*
Polixenes, *king of Bohemia*
Florizel, *prince of Bohemia*
Archidamus, *a Lord of Bohemia*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita*
Clown, *his son*
Autolycus, *a rogue*
A Mariner
A Jailer

Hermione, *queen to Leontes*
Perdita, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione*
Paulina, *wife to Antigonus*
Emilia, *a lady attending on Hermione*
Mopsa,
Dorcas, } *Shepherdesses*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses

Time, as Chorus

Scene: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Polixenes, king of Bohemia, wishes to terminate his visit to his old school friend Leontes, king of Sicily, but he is prevailed upon to stay longer when Hermione, Sicily's queen, adds her entreaties to her lord's. This incident arouses Leontes to an insane jealousy concerning the honor of his wife and his friend. Camillo, one of his courtiers, promises to prepare a poisoned drink and give it to Polixenes, but instead of fulfilling his agreement, he tells the Bohemian king of his danger and flees with him to Bohemia.

ACT II

Leontes, when he knows of Polixenes' flight, believes his suspicions to be well founded. He imprisons Hermione in a dungeon, where after a short time she gives birth to a daughter. The child is carried to its father by Paulina, a lady of the court. The king disavows the babe and orders Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to carry it to some remote and desert place, quite out of his dominions, there to leave it "without more mercy, to its own protection and favor of the climate."

ACT III

Hermione is brought to trial. She is proved innocent by the words of the Delphic oracle:—"Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not

found." Leontes declares there is no truth in the oracle and orders the sessions to proceed. But while he is speaking a servant rushes in and announces the death of his only son. Hermione faints at this news, and the king, repentant now and believing the oracle, orders her to be taken hence and tenderly cared for. In a few moments Paulina reënters and announces the queen's death. The unhappy Leontes resolves to do the daily penance of visiting the chapel where lie the bodies of his wife and son. In the meantime, Antigonus comes to the coast of Bohemia with the babe, who has been named Perdita because she is counted as lost forever. As he leaves the child, he is pursued, caught, and devoured by a bear. Perdita is rescued by a shepherd, who brings her up as his own child.

ACT IV

Sixteen years pass by. Perdita has grown to be a lovely maid and is secretly courted by Florizel, son of Polixenes. The latter, accompanied by Camillo and both of them in disguise, go to the shepherd's house to spy on the prince. They arrive just as the young people are about to conclude a marriage contract. The king is very angry and the lovers decide to leave the country. Camillo secretly offers his services to them and assures them that they will be welcomed at the court of Sicily.

ACT V

Leontes does royally welcome the prince and his bride, and in the latter he perceives a likeness to his dead queen. The old shepherd, having come to Sicily also, now produces the clothes and the remaining jewels (he had sold some to purchase flocks) which he had found with the babe. Perdita's identity is disclosed. The joy of Leontes and Polixenes, who had pursued the runaways, over the marriage of their children is very great. Furthermore, Paulina invites the court to view a life-like statue of the late queen. It is so perfect as to seem living. At last it moves

and embraces Leontes and he finds in his arms the wife he had mourned as dead for so many years. Hermione tells him how she had lived with Paulina awaiting the time when the prophecy should be fulfilled and Perdita found again. As a reward for their services, Leontes marries Paulina to Camillo.

THE WINTER'S TALE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience,

may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

28. *"which"*; as.—C. H. H.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?
Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.
Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say

12. *"that may blow,"* etc.; this sentence is somewhat loosely dependent upon the previous one,—"fears of what may chance" being mentally replaced by the equivalent "wish that they may not,"—that no sneaping winds, etc.—C. H. H.

'This is put forth too truly:' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

14. "*'This is put forth too truly'*"; this foreboding is too well justified.—C. H. H.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

41. *"To let him";* to permit him to remain.—C. H. H.
44. *"What lady she her lord";* "she" has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed "should," destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase "lady she"="a woman that is a lady," taking "she"="woman"; others print "lady-she"; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favor this latter view.—I. G.

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

70. *"The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd";* so Folio 1; the later Folios, *"no, nor dream'd";* Spedding, *"neither dream'd";* perhaps *"doctrine"* should be read as a trisyllable; a harsh line would, however, result; and the reading of the later Folios has much to commend it.—I. G.

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offenses we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before? 90
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's

76. *"sacred";* royal.—C. H. H.

91. *"cram's"* and *"make's"* for *cram us* and *make us;* and a few lines before *to's* for *to us:* so in the original, and doubtless written so by the Poet.—H. N. H.

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,

113. *"fertile bosom";* expansive kindness.—C. H. H.

As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Aye, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!

Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginaling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou wan'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,

129. *"full like me";* that is fully, or entirely like me.—H. N. H.

131–132. *"false As o'er-dyed blacks";* Folios 1, 2, 3, *"o're dy'd";* the words have been variously interpreted to mean "fabrics dyed over with some other color," or, "dyed too much"; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, "the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning."—I. G.

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the center:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

154. *"methoughts";* so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to *"methinks";* it is noteworthy that the correct *"methought"* occurs a few lines below.—I. G.

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,

163. *"be 's dole"*; that is, may it be his *dole*, or *portion*, to be a happy man.—H. N. H.

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamor
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Aye, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone,

201. *"It is a bawdy planet,"* etc.; vice is a sort of planet of unchastity, whose influence makes wives unfaithful wherever it prevails. —C. H. H.

217. They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring, not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court.—H. N. H.

When I shall gust it last.—How came 't,
Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Aye, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

222. *"taken"*; perceived.—C. H. H.
236. *"nearest things to"*; things nearest to.—C. H. H.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—

266. *"its"*; see note to line 178, Act II, sc. iii—Ed.

But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumor
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

271. *"cogitation resides not";* of course the next clause, "my wife is slippery," follows both *think* and *thought;* the overlooking of which has called forth some rare drops of wisdom from the commentators.—H. N. H.

284. *"that"; i. e.* "that of which you accuse her."—I. G.

Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: aye, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,

How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms

324. *"Make that thy question";* treat Hermione's guilt as open to discussion, and be cursed!—C. H. H.
337. *"thereby";* moreover.—C. H. H.

Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honor, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near:
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honor and by him
That I think honorable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me

397. *"ignorant concealment";* concealment under the pretext of ignorance.—C. H. H.

Cry lost, and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

419. *"his that did betray the Best";* that is, Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."—H. N. H.

430. *"continue the standing of his body"; i. e.* as long as his body stands.—C. H. H.

Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
That one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir away.

[*Exeunt.*

460. *"his ill-ta'en suspicion";* an obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. It is quite probable that a line slipped out in the printing. As it stands, the best we can do with it is,—May a speedy departure be my friend, and bring comfort to the queen, who is part of the theme whereon the king dwells, myself being the other part; but who has really done nothing to justify his ill-taken suspicion.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught you this!
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now

11. *"Who taught you this?"*; Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, *"taught 'this"* (with an apostrophe before *"this,"* indicating an elision); the later Folios, *"taught this."*—I. G.

What color are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late 19
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it. 31
Her. Come on, then,

25. *"A sad tale's best for winter,"* hence the title of the play.—I. G.

And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

39–41. *"There may be in the cup A spider,"* etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.—I. G.

50. *"He has discover'd"*; (Camillo) has betrayed.—C. H. H.

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made the swell thus.
Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
' 'Tis pity she 's not honest, honorable':
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she 's honest': but be 't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake:

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom.
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; aye, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say

82. *"thou thing, which I'll not call,"* etc.; he will not call a queen by the "bold title" she has deserved.—C. H. H.

90. One that knows what she should be asham'd to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.—H. N. H.

You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good my lords,
I am prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears

100. *"if I mistake"*; that is, no foundation can be trusted.—H. N. H.

105. *"but that he speaks"*; he who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.—H. N. H.

As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove,
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Aye, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

122. *"for my better grace";* to set me in a fairer light.—C. H. H.

134. *"I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife"; i. e.* "I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel."—I. G.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this proves true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honor,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal

143. *"I would land-damn him";* so the Folios; *"land-damm," "laudanum," "lamback,"* (*i. e.* "beat"), *"half-damn," "live-damn," "landan* (*lantan, rantan*)," *"lant-dam,"* are among the various emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests *"I would—Lord, damn him!"* In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word *"damn'd,"* here uses *"land-damn,"* as a sort of grim quibble for *"landan,"*—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words,* and *Notes and Queries* iii. 464): *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.—I. G.

148. *"false generations";* bastard offspring.—C. H. H.

149. *"glib";* geld.—C. H. H.

153. *"As you feel doing thus,"* probably = my doing thus to you

The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground, and more it would content me
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice, the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,

(*i. e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); *"the instruments that feel"* = my fingers.—I. G.

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,

177. *"That lack'd sight only,"* etc.; (conjecture) that wanted nothing but ocular evidence to be proof.—C. H. H.

191. *"give rest to the minds of others";* this is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion: if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god. In like manner there are men in our day, as perhaps there have been in all days, who will never recognize God as speaking save when His voice sounds to the tune of their own minds; and who, accordingly, so use the Scriptures as, in effect, to arm their own wills and opinions with divine authority. Is not jealousy a species of fanaticism?—H. N. H.

Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Jailer.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Jail. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honor.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Jail. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from 10

198. *"raise"*; rouse, stir up.—C. H. H.

The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Jail. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Jailer.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Jailer, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

50. *"tempt"*; attempt.—C. H. H.

Jail. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Jail. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?
First Serv. My lord?

5. *"out of the blank and level of my brain";* out of the aim of my missiles, beyond the reach of my plots.—C. H. H.

Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,

18. *"him"* of course refers to Polixenes. The Poet's art is wisely apparent in representing Leontes's mind as all disordered by jealousy into jerks and spasms. Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge, in his lectures of 1815, "called this an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval."—H. N. H.

20. *"Recoil"*; recoils,—is instinctively rejected as infeasible.—C. H. H.

Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

30. *"free"*; innocent.—C. H. H.
38. *"humor"*; capricious mood.—C. H. H.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest

61. *"the worst about you";* that is, the *weakest,* or *least warlike.*—H. N. H.

Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You 'ld call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire:
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,

So sure as this beard's gray,—What will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place

178. *"to it own protection,"* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *"its"*; the old possessive form *"it,"* still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 102); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: *"it own,"* may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; *"its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,"* to be found in Act I. ii. 266 is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.—I. G.

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[*Exit with the child.*
No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath

Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,

2. *"the isle";* the critics have remarked upon what they are pleased to call Shakespeare's *blunder* in speaking of Delphos as an island. In this, however, he followed Greene, who, being Master of Arts in both the Universities, would hardly be suspected of *blundering* in his geography.—H. N. H.

The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

7. *"Even"* in the sense of *equally* or *indifferently*.—H. N. H.

Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty:' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,

29. Hermione's speech borrows several turns from Bellaria's in Greene. "If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spiteful discredit. . . . How I have led my life before Egistus coming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience."—C. H. H.

Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

40. *"Owe"*; own, possess.—H. N. H.

44. *"for life"*; I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly spare.—H. N. H.

59. *"than to perform it first"*; it is to be observed that originally in our language, two negatives did not *affirm*, but only strengthen the

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honor he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our author's plays, and even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more,* or *wanted* should be *had.*—H. N. H.

61. *"More than mistress of,"* etc.; the passage is probably corrupt; possibly a line has been omitted. But the meaning intended is clear: "I must not in any degree acknowledge faults charged against me further than they are mine."—C. H. H.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post

87. *"those of your fact";* that is, they who have done like you. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact,* since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."—H. N. H.
102. *"it";* see note to line 178, Act II, sc. iii.—Ed.

Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honor,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigor and not law. Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd

Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Aye, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves

138. In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde."—H. N. H.

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil

188. *"show thee of a fool";* Warburton proposed to read,—That did but show thee *off* a fool; Theobald, *soul,* instead of *fool.* Touching the latter, Coleridge remarks,—"I think the original word is Shakespeare's. 1. My ear feels it to be Shakespearian; 2. The involved grammar is Shakespearian;—'show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy'; 3. The alteration is most flat, and un-Shakespearian."—A similar expression occurs in Phaer's *Virgil:* "When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxed wood.*"—H. N. H.

Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she 's dead, I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or luster in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:

195. *"water out of fire"*; that is, a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.—H. N. H.

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long

238. *"upon them"*; on their common grave.—C. H. H.

I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Aye, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:

I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue

22. "so becoming"; so seemly in her sorrow.—C. H. H.

Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the

47. *"thy character";* that is, *description.* The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.—H. N. H.

47. *"these";* the gold and clothes which he lays down.—C. H. H.

55. *"a lullaby too rough";* so, in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie,* and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"—H. N. H.

56. *"a savage clamor";* this clamor was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then, seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chase,* that is, the *animal pursued.*—H. N. H.

57. *"the chase";* the quarry.—C. H. H.

between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting— Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how

it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogs-head. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't.

So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

127. *"You're a made old man";* Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading, *"mad,"* confirmed by a passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do

1. *"Time, the Chorus";* this device was probably suggested by the title of Greene's romance, *Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time*—the title being expanded in the ensuing words of the title-page, as quoted in the Introduction.—C. H. H.

6. *"leave the growth untried";* inquire not what has grown (in the interval).—C. H. H.

7. *"wide gap";* that is, leave unexamined the progress of the time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who overthrows everything, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of his own making.—H. N. H.

To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the kings, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

15. *"to it," i. e.* "the present."—I. G.

19. *"me"* is here redundant, as in Falstaff's praise of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain," etc.—H. N. H.

29. *"allow"*; approve.—C. H. H.

Scene II

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia,

4. *"It is fifteen years since,"* etc.; changed by Hanmer to *"sixteen,"* the number intended by Shakespeare.—I. G.

prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence;

36. *"missingly noted"*; that is, from missing him I have noted.—H. N. H.

but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

54. *"angle"* is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son away like a fish.—H. N. H.

4. That is, the *"red* blood" of *spring* now reigns where *winter* lately held dominion. But *pale* is used here in a double sense, as referring to the *pale colors* of winter, and as we still say "the *pale* of fashion," and "the *pale* of the Church." "English *pale*" and "Irish *pale*" were common expressions in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered un-

23. *"when the kite builds, look to lesser linen";* alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.—I. G.

23–32. Upon this passage Coleridge remarks,—"Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"—H. N. H.

24. *"Autolycus";* in Greek myth a son of Hermes, whom the Romans identified with their god Mercury, and, like his father, reputed for his skill in theft. Both facts are played on in the assertion that he is "littered under (the planet) Mercury."—C. H. H.

der Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! A prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to

35. *"odd shilling";* one shilling.—C. H. H.

50. *"psalms to hornpipes";* these were probably much the same as what in our day are sometimes called "Geneva jigs." It would seem that even so early as Shakespeare's time the notion had been taken up and carried out, of turning hornpipes, jigs, waltzes, and such like, into sacred music by setting religious words to them. For proof how faithfully the old Puritans have been followed

horn-pipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horse-

herein by their descendants, see some cords of *Boston Singing-Books*.—H. N. H.

55. *"raisins o' the sun"*; sun-dried raisins.—C. H. H.

58. *"I' the name of me ——"*; probably, as has been suggested, the Clown's exclamation of *"Mercy"* is interrupted by Autolycus.—I. G.

man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man

well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

139. *"Jog on, jog on";* this, with two similar stanzas, belonged to a song which was reprinted in 1661 in the collection of lyrics called *An Antidote against Melancholy.*—C. H. H.

12. *"Digest it with a custom";* carry it off through habit.—C. H. H.

To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

14. *"to show myself a glass";* she probably means, that the Prince, by the rustic habit he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her as in a glass how she ought to be dressed, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up."—H. N. H.

32. *"piece";* creature.—C. H. H.

Flo. "Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come."

Winter's Tale. Act 4. Scene 4.

Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

33. *"in a way so chaste"*; with so pure an aim.—C. H. H.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labor and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep

74. *"for you there's rosemary and rue";* so in *Hamlet,* Act iv. sc. 5, Ophelia says,—"There's rosemary; that's for remembrance. . . . There's rue for you; . . . we may call it herb of grace." These

Seeming and savor all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,

plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."—H. N. H.

87. *"an art"*; "the *art* is simply the transmission of the pollen from one flower to another of different colour, which may be done either by the hand of man, or by nature, by means of the air and by bees" (Roach Smith, *The Rural Life of Shakespeare,* quot. Deighton).—C. H. H.

And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is,

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given

97. *"art itself is nature";* this identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Lord Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the *History of Arts* as a branch of *Natural History,* because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature,* and *artificial* from *natural."* Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."—H. N. H.

100. *"to set one slip of them";* Perdita is too guileless to take the force of Polixenes' reasoning; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says,—"She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or rather her sense of right."—H. N. H.

105. *"the marigold that goes to bed,"* etc.; "Some call it *sponsus solis,* the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him" (Lupton's *Notable Things*).—H. N. H.

To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

116. *"O Proserpina";* this image is from Ovid's narrative in *Metam.* (bk. v.), a book with which Shakespeare was (prob. in the original, but certainly in Golding's translation) very familiar.—C. H. H.

121. *"Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath";* the beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet color by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod's βλεφάρων κυανεάων in a passage which has been rendered

> "Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
> Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
> Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets *dim,* and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.—H. N. H.

Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

134. *"Whitsun pastorals";* plays performed at Whitsuntide. *Cf. Two Gentlemen,* iv. 4., where Julia feigns to have played "at Pentecost . . . a lamentable part"—"'twas Ariadne passioning for Theseus' perjury."—C. H. H.

Per. "O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!"

The Winter's Tale. Act 4, Scene 4.

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

164. *"Not a word";* the clown checks Mopsa's angry retort in the presence of the strangers.—C. H. H.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.
Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.
Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all

188. *"better"*; more opportunely.—C. H. H.

sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

193. *"milliner";* dealer in fancy articles of dress; in Shakespeare's time a masculine occupation.—C. H. H.

199. *"break a foul gap";* make a foul parenthesis in the song (by violence).—C. H. H.

Clo. You have of these peddlers, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Aye, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they

should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be title-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

254. *"clamor your tongues";* Hanmer's emendation *"charm"* has been generally adopted, but *"clamor"* is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote *"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues"*); *"clamour"* or rather *"clammer,"* is probably radically identical with *"clamber,"* the Scandinavian original of which *"klambra"*="to pinch closely together, to clamp."—I. G.

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

284. *"another ballad of a fish"; cp. e. g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1604.—I. G.

AUTOLYCUS SINGS.

Mop. "Or thou goest to the grange or mill."
Dor. "If to either, thou dost ill."
Aut. "Neither." Dor. "What, neither?" Aut. "Neither."

The Winter's Tale Act 4, Scene 4.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.
Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Peddler, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.
[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.
[*Follows singing.*
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

344. *"bowling";* the smooth, even motion of ordinary dancing, as distinguished from the jumps and capers of the "Satyrs."—C. H. H.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The peddler's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,

359. *"you 'll know more of that hereafter";* this is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.—H. N. H.

374. *"looks";* looks for.—C. H. H.

As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

380. *"bolted"*; sifted.—C. H. H.

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou are too base
To be acknowledged: thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,

447. *"Far than Deucalion off"; "far"="farther";* the Folios all correctly read *"farre," i. e.* the old form of the comparative of *"far."* —I. G.

457. *"Even here"; i. e.* without waiting for the threatened doom.— C. H. H.

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father;
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of forescore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

462. *"looks on alike";* Sir John Davies in his *"Nosce Teipsum,* 1599, has a similar thought:

"Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it not inelegantly:

"The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper."—H. N. H.

466. *"But milk my ewes and weep";* Coleridge says,—"O, how more exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" For our part, we should say, how more than exquisite is everything about this unfledged angel!—H. N. H.

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
Thou knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

474. *"where no priest shovels in dust";* before the reform of the burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.—H. N. H.

478. *"to die when I desire";* some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish noble honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch, by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.—H. N. H.

Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,

519. *"benefit your knowledge";* profit you to know.—C. H. H.
521. *"easier";* more pliant, susceptible.—C. H. H.
527. *"purchase";* win.—C. H. H.

And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honor
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavors in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,

549. *"bring him up to liking";* dispose him to approval.—C. H. H.
554. This *"unthought-on accident"* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.—H. N. H.

And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves

577. *"point you forth";* indicate for you.—C. H. H.

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,

597. *"i' the rear o' her birth"*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *"'our birth"*; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read *"o' our"* for *"o' her."*—I. G.

The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word. [*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till

605. *"appear," i. e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).—I. G.

618. *"trinkets had been hallowed";* this alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.—H. N. H.

he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

630. *"geld a codpiece of a purse";* pick a purse from the pocket of the hose, where it was often carried.—C. H. H.

632. *"my sir's";* the clown's.—C. H. H.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard

671. *"my prophecy"*; viz., that hinted in the auspicious phrase he has just used.—C. H. H.

Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the

gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

702. *"extempore"; i. e.* without taking any precautions.—C. H. H.
705. *"piece";* work, act.—C. H. H.
707. *"the more knavery";* the greater knavery,—the opposite course of betraying the prince being itself, in Autolycus' view, "dishonest" but in a less degree.—C. H. H.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my peddler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me

742. *"at palace"*; Folio 1, *"at 'Pallace"*; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."—I. G.

750. *"condition"*; nature.—C. H. H.

have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

760. *"give us the lie";* the meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie.—H. N. H.

763. *"with the manner";* that is, *in the fact.*—H. N. H.

780. A *"pheasant"* was a very common present from country tenants to noblemen.—H. N. H.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those

803. *"capable"* · able to apprehend.—C. H. H.

that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offenses being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though au-

thority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Aye, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

889. *"I am proof against that title";* he may be called a rogue by way of abuse, but is secure against legal arrest and punishment as a "rogue and vagabond."—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason

As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me

60. *"Why to me?"*; sc. this humiliation. The Camb. edds. compare the opening of Jonson's *Execration upon Vulcan:*—

And why to me this? thou lame god of fire,
What have I done thus to provoke thy ire?—C. H. H.

To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Aye, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

100. *"that theme";* Hermione.—C. H. H.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,

Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the scepters
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

171. *"a graceful gentleman"*; that is, full of grace and virtue.—H. N. H.

172. *"sacred"*; *i. e.* in virtue of his royalty, the epithet being currently applied to all sovereigns as such.—C. H. H.

Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Leon. "———What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!"

The Winter's Tale. Act 5, Scene 1.

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request

My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded

out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many

65. *"weather-bitten conduit";* changed to *"weather-beaten"* in

kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth

Folio 3; but *"weather-bitten"* is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.—I. G.

72. *"rehearse"*; repeat.—C. H. H.

75. *"innocence"*; simplicity.—C. H. H.

the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of

112. *"a piece";* work of art.—C. H. H.

114. *"that rare Italian master";* Giulio Pippi, known as "Giulio Romano," was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as "a type of artistic excellence," makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a "painted picture." Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).—I. G.

ans ver:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing.

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Aye, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Aye; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?
Aut. Aye, an it like your good worship.
Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.
Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.
Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.
Shep. How if it be false, son?
Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.
Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.
Clo. Aye, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

7. *"surplus"*; overplus.—C. H. H.

Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,

Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color 's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

62. *"but that, methinks, already—"*; Leontes' passion causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intent-

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel

ness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say,—"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society."—H. N. H.

68. *"mocked with art";* here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understandings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.—H. N. H.

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll
think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Aye, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abide, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a."= only make a short stay; IV. iii. 105.

Aboard him, *i. e.* aboard his ship; IV. iv. 886.

Abused, deceived; II. i. 141.

Action, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on"= this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.

Address yourself, prepare; IV. iv. 53.

Adventure, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare; IV. iv. 475.

Adventure of, risk of; V. i. 156.

Afar off, indirectly; II. i. 104.

Affection, instinct; I. ii. 138; disposition; V. ii. 43.

Affront, confront, come before; V. i. 75.

Air, breath; V. iii. 78.

"Alack, for lesser knowledge"; *i. e.* "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.

Allow'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.

Allowing, approving; I. ii. 185.

Amazedly, confusedly; V. i. 187.

Amazedness, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.

Ancient, old; IV. iv. 79.

Ancientry, old people; III. iii. 63.

Another, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 88.

Ape, imitator; V. ii. 117.

Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 107.

Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.

Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.

Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 608.

Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.

Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 33.

Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.

At, (?) to; (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord"= "when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.

At friend (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.

Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.

Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 32.

Aunts, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11.

Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 88.

Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.

Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 445.

Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.

Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.

Bawcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or

cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 122.

BENCH'D, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

BENTS, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

BIDE, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

BLANK, "the white mark in the center of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

BLENCH, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.

BLESS ME, preserve me; IV. iv. 276.

BLOCKS, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

BLUSTERS, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

BOHEMIA = the king of B.; I. i. 7.

BOOT, avail; III. ii. 27.

BOOT, profit; IV. iv. 660, "grace to b.," "God help us"; I. ii. 80.

BORING, perforating; III. iii. 95.

BORROW, borrowing; I. ii. 39.

BOSOM, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 579.

BOURN, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.

BRANDS, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.

BRAVE, fine; IV. iv. 204.

BREAK-NECK, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.

BREED, educate; III. iii. 48.

BRING, take, accompany; IV. iii. 128.

BUG, bugbear; III. ii. 95.

BUGLE, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 228.

BUT, but that; V. i. 141.

BUT THAT, only because; II. i. 105.

BY-GONE DAY, day gone by = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

CADDISSES, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 211.

CALLAT, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.

CAME HOME, "did not get hold"; (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.

CAP-A-PE, from head to foot; IV. iv. 773.

CAPARISON, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.

CARBONADOED, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 273.

CARRIAGE, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.

CARVER, sculptor; V. iii. 30.

CENSURE, judgment; II. i. 37.

CENTER, "the earth as the supposed center of the world"; II. i. 102.

CHAMBER-COUNCILS, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.

CHANGED, exchanged; I. ii. 68.

CHANGELING, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 125.

CHARACTER, handwriting; V. ii. 41.

CHARGE, weight, value; IV. iv. 265.

CHEAT, (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.

CHILD, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 72.

CHILDNESS, childishness; I. ii. 170.

CHURL, peasant; IV. iv. 448.

CIRCUMSTANCE, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 36.

CLAMOR (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 254.

CLAP, clap hands, *i. e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.

CLEAR'D, excepted; I. ii. 74.

Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 63.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 38.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Color, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 571.
Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 573.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 95.
Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 108.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 146.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 88.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 840.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 36.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, hast to do with; IV. iv. 440.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 40.
Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 258.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 260.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Crown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis*, early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 530.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 139.
Custom, "with a c." from habit; IV. iv. 12; trade, custom; V. ii. 116.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 225.

Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 450.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 514; narrate; V. ii. 4.
Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 153.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 46.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.
Difference, *i. e.* d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.
Dildos, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 196.
Dim, "violets dim," prob. "of quiet color, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Discase, undress; IV. iv. 656.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 548.
Discover, disclose, show; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 753.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 675.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 416.
Dis's wagon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 433.

Do, describe; V. ii. 68.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 83.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.

Earnest, earnest-money, handsel; IV. iv. 668.
"Eggs for money," a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behavior; III. ii. 51.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 767.
Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 416.
Estate, "unspeakable e.," *i. e.* great possessions; IV. ii. 47.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 115.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 745.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.

Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 197.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want, V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 498.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 738.
Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 106.
Favor, countenance, look; V. ii. 57.
Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i. e.* snap-dragon); III. iii. 103.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 124.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.
Flax-wench, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
Flayed, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 664.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
Fond, foolish; IV. iv. 442.
Fools, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
For, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
For because, because; II. i. 7.
Force, necessity; IV. iv. 439.
Forced, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
Forceful, strong; II. i. 163.
'Fore, before; III. ii. 43.
Forefend, forbid; IV. iv. 545.
Forges, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
Fork'd, horned; I. ii. 186.
Framed, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
Franklins, yeomen; V. ii. 189.

Fraught, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 530.

Free, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless; II. iii. 30; accessible to all; II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 564.

Fresh, youthful; IV. iv. 438; IV. iv. 567.

Friends, "these unknown f. to's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.

Friendships, kind services; IV. ii. 22.

From, away from; IV. ii. 44.

Furnish'd, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 604.

Gall'd, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.

Gallimaufry, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 341.

Gallows, *i. e.* the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 29.

Gentle, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.

Gently, kindly; IV. iv. 840.

Gentry, birth; I. ii. 393.

Germane, akin, related; IV. iv. 815.

Gest, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.

Gillyvors, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.

Give out, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.

Glass, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.

Glisters, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 172.

Gloves; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 226.

Go about, intend; IV. iv. 223; attempt; IV. iv. 730.

Goal, point at issue; I. ii. 96.

Good deed, in very deed; I. ii. 42.

Gorge, stomach; II. i. 44.

Gossips, sponsors; II. iii. 41.

Grace, favor; III. ii. 49.

Gracious, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 32.

Grafted in my serious trust, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.

Gust, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.

Guilty to, chargeable for; IV. iv. 554.

Haled, dragged; III. ii. 103.

Hammer'd of, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.

Hand, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.

Hand-fast, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 808.

Hangman, executioner; IV. iv. 473.

"Happy man be's dole," a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.

Harlot, lewd; II. iii. 4.

Have, possess; IV. iv. 579.

Have at, I 'll try; IV. iv. 308.

Having, possessions, property; IV. iv. 752.

Heat, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.

Heavings, sighs; II. iii. 35.

Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 118.

Hefts, retchings; II. i. 45.

Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 140.

Hereditary, *i. e.* derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.

HIM, by him, (? the man); I. ii. 412.
HOLY, pious, good; V. i. 170; blameless; V. iii. 148.
HOME, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully; V. iii. 4.
HONEST, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
HOT, active; IV. iv. 710.
HOVERING, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
HOXES, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' FECKS, in fact; I. ii. 120.
IMMODEST, immoderate; III. ii. 104.
IMPAWN'D, in pledge; I. ii. 436.
IMPORTANCE, import; V. ii. 21.
INCENSE, incite; V. i. 61.
INCERTAIN, uncertain; V. i. 29.
INCERTAINTIES, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 171.
INCIDENCY, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.
INCONSTANT, fickle; III. ii. 188.
INDUSTRIOUSLY, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.
INJURY OF TONGUES, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.
INKLE, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 211.
INSINUATE, intermeddle; IV. iv. 771.
INSTIGATION, incitement; II. i. 163.
INTELLIGENCING, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.
INTELLIGENT, communicative; I. ii. 378.
INTENTION, aim; I. ii. 138.
IRREMOVABLE, immovable; IV. iv. 523.
IT IS, he is; I. i. 42.

JAR, tick; I. ii. 43.
JEWEL, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 39.
JULIO ROMANO (*v.* Note); V. ii. 114.
JUSTIFIED, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.
JUSTIFY HIM, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 76.

KILN-HOLE, the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 251.
KNACKS, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 365.
KNOCK, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

LAND, nation; IV. iv. 8.
LAND-DAMN (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
LASTING, everlasting, eternal; I. ii. 317.
LAY ME, bury me; IV. iv. 473.
LAYS ON, does it in good style; IV. iii. 45.
LEAN TO, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.
LET, let remain; I. ii. 41.
LEVEL, direction of, aim; III. ii. 83.
'LEVEN, eleven; IV. iii. 34.
LIST, care, choose; IV. i. 26.
LIST, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 557.
LIKE, likely; II. ii. 27.
LIKE, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 748.
LIMBER, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.
LIMIT, "strength of l." limited strength; III. ii. 108.
LIVELY, naturally; V. iii. 19.
LOOK OUT; "makes her blood l. o.," *i. e.* makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.
LOOK UPON, take notice of; IV. ii. 42.
LORDINGS, lordlings; I. ii. 62.

Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.
Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.
Lozel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.

Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.
Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.
Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.
Marble; "most m." the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 106.
Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.
Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.
Marted, traded; IV. iv. 368.
Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; V. ii. 205.
Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.
Means, tenors or counter-tenors; IV. iii. 49.
Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 768.
Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.
Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 603.
Meddler, busybody; IV. iv. 335.
Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.
Men of hair, dressed in goat-skins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 339.
Mere, absolute; III. ii. 143; only; III. ii. 146.
Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.
Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
Moe, more; I. ii. 8.
Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half; III. ii. 41.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 150.
Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
Motion, puppet show; IV. iii. 109.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.
Near, like, resembling; V. ii. 117.
Neat, used with a quibble upon "neat"=horned cattle; I. ii. 123.
Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 338.
Neb, beak=mouth; I. ii. 183.
Necklace amber, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead-amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 228.
Next, nearest; III. iii. 132.
Note, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge; I. i. 43; distinction, eminence; IV. ii. 50; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note"=the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.
Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erween, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 9.
Of, off (=on); "browsing of ivy"; III. iii. 69.
Of, some of; "you have of," *i. e.* there are some; IV. iv. 221.
Officed, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.
O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 268.
On, of; II. ii. 23.
On't, of it; II. i. 169.
Out, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72.
Out of, without; V. i. 90.
Over, over us; IV. iv. 677.
Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

PADDLING PALMS, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.

PALE, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.

PANDAR, go-between; II. i. 46.

PANTLER, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.

PARAGON, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.

PART, depart; I. ii. 10; divide; I. ii. 18.

PARTAKE, communicate; V. iii. 132.

PARTLET; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale*, where P. is the name of the favorite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.

PARTS, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.

PASH, head; I. ii. 128.

PASSES, surpasses; II. ii. 20.

PASSING, surpassing; IV. iv. 300.

PATTERN, match; III. ii. 38.

PAY YOUR FEES; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.

PEER, peep out; IV. iii. 1.

PEERING, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.

PERFECT, sure; III. iii. 1.

PERFORMED, executed; V. ii. 113.

PETTITOES, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 625.

PHYSICS, heals, cures; I. i. 46.

PICTURE, appearance; IV. iv. 621; painted statue; V. ii. 204.

PIECE, complete; V. ii. 127.

PIECE UP, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.

PIEDNESS, variegation; IV. iv. 87.

PIN AND WEB, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.

PINCH'D, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.

PLACES, position, station; I. ii. 448.

PLACKETS, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 249.

PLUCKING, pulling; IV. iv. 481.

POINTS, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 209.

POKING-STICKS, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 232.

POMANDER, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 615.

PONDEROUS, forcible; IV. iv. 540.

POST; "in p." in haste; II. i. 182.

POSTERNS, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

POUND AND ODD SHILLING, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 35.

POWER; "to my p." to the best of my power; V. ii. 199.

POWERFUL, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 30.

PRACTICE, artifice, device; III. ii. 169.

PRANK'D UP, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

PREDOMINANT, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

PREGNANT, made plausible; V. ii. 35.

PREPOSTEROUS, Clown's blunder for *prosperous;* V. ii. 175.

PRESENT, immediate; II. iii. 184.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretense, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.
Prig, thief; IV. iii. 114.
Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 555.
Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.
Proper, own; II. iii. 139.
Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.
Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 28.
Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.
Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 50.
Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.
Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 548.
Question, conversation; IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial; V. i. 198.
Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.
Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 230.

Race, root; IV. iii. 53.
Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.
Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.
Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 422.
Regard, look; I. ii. 390.
Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.
Remember, remind; III. ii. 232.
Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 126.
Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 42.
Repair, restoration; V. i. 31.
Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.
Require, deserve; II. iii. 190; III. ii. 65.
Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.
Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 689.
Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 415.
Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.
Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.
Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 323.
Saffron, a spice used for coloring paste; IV. iii. 51.
Saltiers, the servant's blunder for *satyrs;* IV. iv. 340.
Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 581.
Savor, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
Scape, transgression; III. iii. 74.
Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
Sear, brand; II. i. 73.
Second; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.
Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.
Seized, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.
Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.
Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226.
Shall's, shall us (*i. e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 365.
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 818.
Sheets; "is sheets," *i. e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 886.

SHOULD, would; I. ii. 57.
'SHREW, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
SIGHTED, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
SILLY; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 29.
SINCE, when; V. i. 219.
SINGULAR, unique; IV. iv. 144.
SINGULARITIES, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
SITTING, interview; IV. iv. 577.
SKILL, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgment); IV. iv. 152.
SLEEVE-HAND, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 215.
SNEAPING, nipping; I. ii. 13.
SOFTLY, slowly; IV. iii. 127.
SOAKING, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
SOLELY, alone; II. iii. 17.
SOOTH; "good s." in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
SO THAT, provided that; II. i. 9.
SPED, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
SPEED, fortune; III. ii. 147.
SPICES, seasonings; III. ii. 186.
SPLITT'ST, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
SPOKE, spoken; I. ii. 106.
SPRIGHTLY, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-*ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
SPRINGE, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 38.
SQUARE, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 215.
SQUARED, shaped; V. i. 52.
SQUASH, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
SQUIER, square, measure; IV. iv. 354.
STAND, fight; III. ii. 47.
STAR; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
STARR'D, fated; III. ii. 101.
STATE, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 442.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
STRAIN'D, turned from the right course; III. ii. 52.
STRAITED, at a loss; IV. iv. 370.
STRANGELY, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
STRETCH-MOUTHED, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 198.
STRONG, forcible; I. ii. 34.
STUFF'D, complete; II. i. 185.
SUBJECT, people; I. i. 46.
SUCCESS, succession; I. ii. 394.
SUDDENLY, immediately; II. iii. 200.
SUFFICIENCY, ability; II. i. 185.
SWEAR OVER, endeavor to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

TABLE-BOOK, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 615.
TAKE, excite, move; III. ii. 39.
TAKE IN, conquer, take; IV. iv. 592.
TALL; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; V. ii. 193.
TARDIED, retarded; III. ii. 164.
TAWDRY-LACE, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i. e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 257.
TELL, count; IV. iv. 185.
TENDER, show, introduce; IV. iv. 841.
THAT = O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd

by my fears"; "that . . . no"="lest"); I. ii. 12.

THAT, so that; I. i. 32; provided that; I. ii. 84, 85.

THEREABOUTS, of that import; I. ii. 378.

THERETO, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.

THICK, make thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.

THOUGHT, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.

THOUGHT ON, held in estimation; IV. iv. 536.

"THREE MAN SONG-MEN," *i. e.* "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 45.

THREE-PILE, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.

THRIVING, successful; II. ii. 45.

TINCTURE, color; III. ii. 207.

TOAZE (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i. e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 771.

TOD, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 35.

TODS, yields a tod; IV. iii. 34.

TRAFFIC, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.

TRAITORLY, traitrous; IV. iv. 836.

TRANSPORTED, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 160; borne away by ecstacy; V. iii. 69.

TREMOR CORDIS, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.

TRICK, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.

TROLL-MY-DAMES, the French game of *Trou-madame;* IV. iii. 98.

TRUMPET, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.

TRUNK, body; I. ii. 435.

TUG, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 513.

TURTLES, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

UNBRAIDED, (?)="not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 206.

UNCLASP'D, revealed; III. ii. 169.

UNCURRENT, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 51.

UNDERGO, undertake; IV. iv. 559.

UNEASY, difficult; IV. ii. 58.

UNFURNISH, deprive; V. i. 123.

UNINTELLIGENT, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 17.

UNROLLED, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 137.

UNSPHERE, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.

UNTHRIFTY, not increasing; V. ii. 132.

UNVENERABLE, contemptible; II. iii. 77.

URGENT, pressing; I. ii. 465.

USE; "the u. on 't," having been used; III. i. 14.

UTTER, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 336.

VAST (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 36.

VESSEL, creature; III. iii. 21.

VICE, screw, force; I. ii. 416.

VILLAIN, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.

VIRGINALING, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte)"; I. ii. 125.

VISIBLE, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.

VISITATION, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 571.

VULGARS, the common people; II. i. 94.

WAFTING, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.

WAITS UPON, accompanies; V. i. 142.

WANT, be without; IV. ii. 15.
WANTON, play; II. i. 18.
WARD, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
WARDEN, a baking pear; IV. iii. 52.
WEARING, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
WEEDS, garments; IV. iv. 1.
WELKIN, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
WELL, at rest; V. i. 30.
WHAT, whatever; I. ii. 44.
WHICH, that which; III. ii. 62.
WHISTLE OFF (Folio 1, whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off" = to send off; IV. iv. 252.
WHOO-BUB, outcry, clamor; IV. iv. 636.
"WHOOP, DO ME NO HARM, GOOD MAN," the name of an old song; IV. iv. 201.
WILD, rash; II. i. 182.
WILFUL-NEGLIGENT, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
WINK, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
WINKED, closed my eyes; III. iii. 109.
WINNERS, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 131.
WIT, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
WITH, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 74.
WITHOUT-DOOR, outward, external; II. i. 69.
WOMAN-TIRED, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.
WONDER, admiration; V. i. 133.
WONDERING, admiration; IV. i. 25.
WORN, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.
WORSHIP, honor, dignity; I. ii. 314.
WORTH, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
WOTTING, knowing; III. ii. 78.
WROUGHT, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

YELLOW, the color of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
YEST, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 97.
YET, still; I. ii. 51.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Jean M. Vincent, B.A.

GENERAL

1. What year was *The Winter's Tale* written?
2. To what order of the poet's works does the play belong?
3. What is the duration of the action?
4. From what popular novel was this play derived? In what period did this novel appear?
5. What Acts of the play cannot be classed as comedy?
6. What geographical inconsistency is mentioned concerning this play?

ACT I

7. Upon what character of the play does the Poet place most emphasis?
8. What is the import of scene i?
9. What incident is the basis of the entire action of the play?
10. How does Polixenes portray the childhood of Leontes and himself?
11. How does Leontes refer to his wooing of Hermione?
12. Is the hospitality of Hermione over-zealous, or has jealousy been lurking in the mind of Leontes?
13. What opinion does Camillo express at hearing the suspicions of Leontes?
14. Compare the characters of Othello and Leontes. Also those of Iago and Camillo.
15. How is Florizel first introduced?

16. On what condition does Camillo agree to dispose of Polixenes?

17. How does Polixenes argue the hopelessness of proving his innocence?

ACT II

18. How does the innocence of the domestic scene, which opens Act II, accentuate the falsity of Leontes' accusations?

19. What occurrence seems to Leontes the confirmation of his suspicions?

20. How does Hermione defend herself? What evidence of faith in her ultimate exoneration does she give?

21. In what way does Antigonus assert his faith in the innocence of the queen?

22. In dispatching to the oracle of Apollo, does Leontes expect further confirmation of the guilt of Hermione or her exoneration?

23. What is the expressed opinion of all at court concerning the character of Hermione?

24. How does Paulina hope to appease the King?

25. Describe the illness of Mamillius and give its cause.

26. What qualities are brought out in the character of Paulina in her interview with the King?

27. What are the instructions given Antigonus in regard to the child?

ACT III

28. Show how the violence of erroneous conclusions in the second Act is softened and quieted by the establishment of truth in Act III.

29. Why does Hermione, although willing to accept death, plead for justice?

30. To what does she look to justify her?

31. How is the innocence of Hermione established?

32. What disaster is threatened Leontes by the oracle?

33. Show how Leontes' cruelty and injustice begin to react upon him?

34. What are the consequences of the death of Mamillius?

35. How does the grief of Paulina at the death of the queen express itself? Is there any doubt that she believes Hermione dead?

36. When does Leontes acknowledge his errors and his repentence?

37. Describe the dream of Antigonus in scene iii. What befell him in the same scene.

38. What is the meaning of the name Perdita?

39. How does the shepherd supply necessary details in the play?

ACT IV

40. What is the interval of time which elapses between Act III and Act IV?

41. Under what conditions was Camillo recalled to his native country after fifteen years? What delays his return?

42. How is the character of Autolycus introduced?

43. Who was the father of Autolycus in Grecian mythology?

44. Compare the character of Perdita with that of Miranda in *The Tempest.*

45. In what manner does Florizel disguise himself in order to become the suitor of Perdita?

46. What are the fears of Perdita concerning her future and that of Florizel?

47. Describe the meeting of Perdita with Polixenes and Camillo.

48. How is the superiority of Perdita to her surroundings made apparent?

49. Who interrupts the betrothal of Perdita and Florizel? How does the life of Perdita become detached from that of the shepherd?

50. How is the constancy of Florizel made positive?

ACT V

51. Describe the character of Leontes after sixteen years.

52. What does Leontes promise Paulina?

53. What request does Florizel make of Leontes? How is Leontes made the instrument of restitution to his daughter?

54. Describe the discovery of the identity of Perdita. What proofs of her birth were produced?

55. What is the dramatic use of the narrative form used in scene ii?

56. What Greek drama is suggested by the recognition scene in scene iii?

57. How is the strength and courage of the character of Hermione shown by the reconciliation with Leontes?

58. How are Camillo and Paulina the complements of each other?

THE TEMPEST

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Tempest first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 1–19; no reference has been found to an earlier edition.

The position of the play in the First Folio may perhaps be regarded as evidence of its contemporary popularity; it may, however, have been merely due to "a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition" on the part of the editors.

"It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see; a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of plays before us" (Sir E. Strachey, *Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 116).

With the exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays; certain critics have held that the text was abridged for acting purposes; others refer its brevity to the unusual amount of stage-machinery introduced, or to the necessities of Court representation.

The *Epilogue* to the play, as in the case of *2 Henry IV* and *Henry VIII*, is evidently by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Some scholars hold the same opinion concerning the *Masque* in Act IV. Shakespeare may well have introduced it in compliance with the fashion of the time; one must bear in mind the fondness for this species of composition which prevailed during the reign of James I.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

No positive evidence exists for the Date of Composition of *The Tempest;* the probabilities are in favor of 1610–1611.

The superior limit may be fixed at 1603; the speech of Gonzalo, describing his ideal Commonwealth (II, i, 152, etc.), was certainly derived from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, first published in that year. Shakespeare's own copy of this work, with his autograph, is among the treasures of the British Museum. The passage in question occurs in Chapter xxx, Book I, "Of the Caniballes" (*cp.* Nutt's *Reprint*, Vol. I, p. 222).

The play obviously connects itself with current stories of colonization and adventures of English seamen. There may be direct allusion to a famous shipwreck in the year 1609; an interesting account, which Shakespeare may have read, was published in the following year, entitled *A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others* (*cp.* Prospero's command to Ariel "to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes").

Ben Jonson seems to allude to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612–1614):—"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries!*"

The Tempest, among other plays, was acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, whence some scholars have rashly inferred that it was specially composed for the marriage of the two latter royal personages, and have detected in Prospero a striking resemblance to King James.

Various futile attempts have been made to place *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's early plays, but, apart from the evidence adduced above, metrical tests make an early date impossible.

THE SOURCES

The Tempest was in all probability founded on some older play, but as yet its source has not been discovered.

An old German Comedy, called *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nüremberg, who died in 1605, is perhaps a German version of Shakespeare's original; its plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Tempest*. Ayrer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, "The English Comedians," as they called themselves (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*, Preface, and pp. 1–75).

The Discovery of the Bermudas has been already alluded to above.

In Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, (p. 252, Arber's Reprint), Shakespeare probably found "Setebos" (Act I, sc. ii, l. 373); from the same work he possibly derived the names of Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (for Gonzales), and other details.

In dealing with the date of composition reference has been made to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne; similarly, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii, 197–206, as translated by Golding, probably suggested Prospero's Invocation, Act V, i, 33, *sq.*

The name "Ariel," though glossed by Shakespeare as "an ayrie Spirit," is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*':—

> " . . . . . The earth's great lord
> Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord."

CALIBAN

"Caliban" is most probably a contemporary variant of "cannibal," which is itself merely another form of "Caribal," *i. e.* "Caribbean." There seems to be no particular

difficulty in this derivation of the name, yet several scholars have rejected it. "To me," observes Mr. Furness, "it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the description of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out." This seems hardly enough to negative so plausible a theory as to the origin of the name.

A large number of critics have dealt with this creation of Shakespeare's; three studies call for special mention:— (1) *Caliban: The Missing Link:* by Daniel Wilson; (2) Renan's philosophical drama, entitled *Caliban;* (3) Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos; or Natural Theology in the Island.*

THE SCENE OF ACTION

"*The Scene, an uninhabited Island*"; this indefinite location has not satisfied Shakespearean students, and learned attempts have been made to fix the latitude and longitude of the island; the Bermudas, Lampedusa, Pantalaria, Corcyra, have each in turn been made the scene of Prospero's magic. The old ballad of *The Enchanted Island,* founded perhaps on *The Tempest,* and certainly later in composition, gives the right answer to these needless questionings:—

"From that daie forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene:
Some say, 'tis buryed deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rocky shores,
Nor e'er is known to sleepe."

DURATION OF ACTION

The "Time-Analysis" of *The Tempest* brings out very clearly the fact that in this play Shakespeare had adhered strictly to the unity of time; the whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours; *cp.* Act I, ii, 239–240; Act V, i, 5; *ibid.* i. 136–137, 186, 223.

It is alleged that a sailor's "glass" was a *half-hour* glass, and that Shakespeare was guilty of a technical error in using it in the sense of "an *hour* glass." The error was no doubt intentional.

THE MUSIC

There is good reason to believe that Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, Oxford, 1660, has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*—viz., "Full fathoms five," and "Where the Bee sucks"; the composer was R. Johnson, who in 1610 wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry (*cp.* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, and Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 352–353).

LATER VERSIONS

In 1669 appeared Dryden and Davenant's version of *The Tempest; or the enchanted Isle.* According to Dryden, Davenant designed the "Counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman." "Than this version," observes Mr. Furness, "there is, I think, in the realm of literature, no more flagrant existence of *lese-majesty*" (*cp.* Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 389–449). In 1797 F. G. Waldron published *The Virgin Queen*, "attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest*."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tempest was first printed in the folio of 1623, in which edition it stands the first of the series. As this play was undoubtedly written in the later years of the Poet's life, the reason of its standing first is not apparent. Nor is it much more apparent why the arrangement of that edition should be broken up, until more is known of the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written.

The play was originally printed with great accuracy for the time: the true reading is seldom doubtful; for which cause commentators have not often found it easy to mar the text under the notion of improving it.

It has been ascertained clearly enough that *The Tempest* was written somewhere between 1603 and 1612. That it was written after the former date, is rendered almost certain in that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth were plainly taken from Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was printed that year. If any see fit to maintain, as some have done, that Shakespeare *might* have seen the passage in question before it was printed, we will not argue with them; our concern being with facts, not with possibilities.

The Tempest was performed at Court, "by the King's Players," November 1, 1611. For the discovery of this fact we are indebted to *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, edited by Mr. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society; where the following memorandum occurs: "Hollowmas night was presented at Whitehall before the King's Majesty a play called *The Tempest*." Until this discovery the earliest known performance of the

play was in "the beginning of the year 1613," when, as Malone proved from Vertue's MSS., it was acted by "the King's company before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine." So that the play must needs have been written before 1612.

As to any nearer fixing of the date we have nothing to go upon but probabilities. Some of these, however, are pretty strong. From the *Extracts*, already quoted, it appears that eleven other plays, *The Winter's Tale* being one of them, were acted at Court within a year after the last of October, 1611, the oldest of which, so far as has been ascertained, had not been written more than three years. From which it seems probable that *The Tempest* was not then an old play; and perhaps it was selected by the Master of the Revels for its novelty and its popularity on the public stage.

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted in 1614, and written perhaps the year before; the induction of which has an apparent, though not necessarily ill-natured glance at both *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale:* "If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says; nor a nest of *Antiques?* He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." We agree with Mr. Collier that some of the words in Italic, which we give just as they stand in the original, are "so applicable to *The Tempest*, that they can hardly refer to anything else." Which seems to warrant the inference that *Bartholomew Fair* was written while *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* were yet in the morn and blush of popular favor.

It can hardly be questioned that Shakespeare drew some of his materials for *The Tempest* from the sources thus indicated by Malone: "Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the Sea Venture, which was called *the Admiral's Ship;* and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a *terrible tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours, and scat-

tered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts, and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September." In 1610 "one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet, entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils.'" In this book, after relating the circumstances of their shipwreck, the author says: "But our delivery was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon land, than our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes and all men's expectations, most admirable. For the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth, that hath heard or read of them, were *never inhabited* by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and *inchanted place*, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wills, they have, by storms and dangerousness of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwrack. Yet did we find there the *air so temperate*, and *the country so abundantly fruitful* of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there." Somewhat later the Council of Virginia put forth a narrative of "the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape," wherein they say: "These Islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted an *in-*

chanted pile of rocks, and a *desert inhabitation for devils;* but all the *fairies* of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine."

The words in Italic may suggest a probable explanation of some points in the play. It is hardly needful to add, that the Poet's "still-vex'd Bermoothes" seems to link his work in some way with Jourdan's narrative. So that it is not easy to see how an earlier date can be assigned for *The Tempest* than 1610. The supernatural in the play was undoubtedly the Poet's own work; but it had been in strict keeping with his usual method to avail himself of whatsoever interest may have sprung from the popular notions touching the Bermudas. In his marvelous creations the people of course would see nothing but the distant marvels with which their fancies were prepossessed.

Concurrent with this external evidence is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general tone of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character that pervades it, and the organic compactness of its whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. Mr. Collier says that Coleridge, in his lectures, "spoke of *The Tempest* as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only"; and Schlegel, probably for similar reasons, was of the same opinion. Campbell, the poet, supposes it to have been his very latest work: "*The Tempest* has a sort of sacredness, as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and a benevolent magician, who could conjure up 'spirits from the vasty deep,' and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and bury it fathoms in the ocean,—

That staff has never been and will never be recovered." But there is more of poetry than of truth in this statement; at least we have no warrant for it: whereas, besides the improbability that Shakespeare would pass the last six years of his life entirely aloof from the wonted play of his faculties,—besides this, there is good ground for believing that at least *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, and perhaps *The Winter's Tale*, were written after *The Tempest*. Mr. Verplanck, a critic of rare taste and judgment, rather than give up the notion so well put by Campbell, conjectures that the Poet may have *revised The Tempest* after all his other plays were written, and *inserted* the passage where Prospero adjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff, and drowns his book. But we cannot believe that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in that passage; for, besides that he evidently did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his characters, his doing so in this case would fairly infer such a degree of self-exultation as, it seems to us, his native and habitual modesty would hardly permit.

No play or novel has been discovered, to which Shakespeare could have been indebted for the plot or matter of *The Tempest*. Thomas Wharton indeed tells a curious story, how Collins during his mental aberration said he had seen an Italian Romance, called *Aurelio and Isabella*, which contained the story of *The Tempest*. But Collins was afterwards found to be mistaken, there being no such matter in that Romance; and though the poor crazed poet may have put one name for another, it seems more likely that in the disorder of his mind his recollections of *The Tempest* itself got mixed up with other matter. Mr. Collier says: "We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of *The Tempest*, but without success." So that the notion started by Collins probably may as well be given up.

What may be the issue of another notion started since, is not so clear. Mr. Thomas informs us through the *New Monthly Magazine* for January, 1841, that Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nüremberg, was the author or translator of thirty plays, published in 1618. He is quite confident that Shakespeare derived his idea of *The Tempest* from a play of Ayrer's, called *The Beautiful Sidea*. But besides that the resemblances, even as stated by Mr. Thomas, are so slight or of such a kind as hardly to infer any connection between them, there appears nothing to hinder that Ayrer's play may have been indebted to *The Tempest*, it being quite certain that some English dramas were known in Germany at that early period. The whole matter indeed is much too loose for us to build any conclusion upon.

There is an old ballad called *The Inchanted Island*, which was once thought to have contributed something towards *The Tempest*. But it is now generally allowed to be more modern than the play, and probably founded upon it; the names and some points of the story being varied, as if on purpose to hide its connection with a work that was popular on the stage. In the ballad no locality is given to the Island: on the contrary we are told:

> "From that daie forth the Isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never seene:
> Some say, 'tis buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor e'er is known to sleepe."

Wherefore, we shall probably have to rest, for the present, in the belief that in the case of *The Tempest* Shakespeare drew from no external source but the one already mentioned.

There has been considerable discussion of late years as to the *scene* of *The Tempest*. A wide range of critics, from dull Mr. Chalmers to eloquent Mrs. Jameson, have taken for granted that the Poet fixed the scene of his drama in the Bermudas. For this they seem not to have had nor desired any authority but his mention of "the still-

vex'd Bermoothes." Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes" does indeed show that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind: but then it also shows that his scene was not there; for it had been no feat at all worth mentioning for Ariel to fetch dew from one part of the island to another. On the other hand, Mr. Hunter is very positive that if we read the play with a map before us, (only think of it! reading *The Tempest* with a map!) we shall bring up at the island of Lampedusa, which "lies midway between Malta and the African coast." He will hardly tolerate any other notion: "What I contend for is the *absolute claim* of Lampedusa to have been the island in the Poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." Mr. Hunter makes out a pretty strong case, nevertheless we must be excused; not so much that we positively reject his theory, as that we simply do not care whether it be right or not. But if we must have any supposal about it the most reasonable as well as most poetical one seems to be that the Poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind, that his readers might not have to go away from home to learn the truth of his representation; and that it suited his purpose to transfer to his ideal whereabout some of the wonders and marvels of trans-Atlantic discovery. We should as soon think of going to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban, as of going to geography for the size, locality, or whatever else, of their dwelling-place.

"*The Tempest*," says Coleridge, "is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events,—but a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the Poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of geography and chronology,—no mortal sins in any species,—are venial faults, and count for nothing."

In these remarks of the great critic there is but one point

from which we should at all dissent. We cannot quite agree that the drama is *purely* romantic. Highly romantic it certainly is, in its wide, free, bold variety of character and incident, in its many-shaded, richly-diversified perspective, in all the qualities indeed that enter into the picturesque; yet not romantic in such a sort, we think, but that it is at the same time equally classic; classic, not only in that the unities of time and place are strictly observed, but as having the other qualities which naturally follow and cleave to these laws of the classic form; in its solemn thought, its severe beauty, and majestic simplicity, its matchless interfusion of the lyrical and the ethical, and in the mellow atmosphere of serenity and composure which hovers over and envelops it: as if on purpose to show the Poet's mastery, not only of both the classic and the romantic drama, but of the common nature out of which both of them grew, and in which both are reconciled. This union of both kinds in one without any hindrance to the distinctive qualities of either,—this it is, we think, that chiefly distinguishes *The Tempest* from the Poet's other dramas. Some have thought that in this play Shakespeare studiously undertook to silence the pedantic cavillers of his time, by showing that he could keep to the rules of the Greek stage, if he chose to do so, without being any the less himself. But it seems more likely that he was here drawn into such a course by the workings of his wise spirit than by the cavils of contemporary critics; the form appearing too cognate and congenial with the matter to have been dictated by anything accidental or external to the work itself.

There are some points that naturally suggest a comparison between *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* In both the Poet has with equal or nearly equal success carried nature, as it were, beyond her established limits, and peopled a purely ideal region with the power and life of reality, so that the characters seem like substantive, personal beings, which he has but described, not created; but beyond this the resemblance ceases: indeed no

two of his plays are more widely different in all other respects.

The Tempest presents a combination of elements apparently so incongruous that we cannot but marvel how they were brought and kept together; yet they blend so sweetly and work together so naturally that we at once feel at home with them, and see nothing to hinder their union in the world of which we are a part. For it seems hardly more than a truism to say, that in the mingling of the natural and the supernatural there is here no gap, no break; nothing disjointed or abrupt; the two being drawn into each other so smoothly, and so knit together by mutual participations, that each seems but a continuation of the other, and the place where they meet and join is marked by no distinguishable line.

Prospero, standing in the center of the whole, acts as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself, and in himself to one another. Though armed with supernatural might, so that the winds and waves obey him, his magical and mysterious powers are tied to truth and right; his "high charms work" only to just and beneficent ends; and whatsoever might be repulsive in the magician is softened and made attractive by the virtues of the man and the feelings of the father: Ariel links him with the world above us, Caliban with the world beneath us, and Miranda "(thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!)" with the world around and within us. And the mind acquiesces in the miracle attributed to him, his thoughts and aims being so at one with nature's preëstablished harmonies as to leave it doubtful whether he controls her movements or falls in with them. His sorcery indeed is the sorcery of knowledge, his magic the magic of virtue; for what so marvelous as the inward, vital necromancy of good, which transmutes the wrongs that are done him into motives of beneficence, and is so far from being hurt by the powers of Evil that it turns their assaults into new sources of strength against them! And with what a smooth tran-

quillity of spirit he everywhere speaks and acts! as if the rough discipline of adversity had but served

> "to elevate the will,
> And lead him on to that transcendent rest
> Where every passion doth the sway attest
> Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill."

It is observable that the powers, which cleave to his thoughts and obey his "so potent art," before his coming were at perpetual war, the better being in subjection to the worse, and all turned from their several ends into a mad, brawling dissonance: but he teaches them to know their places, and, "weak masters though they be," under his ordering they become powerful, and work together as if endowed with a rational soul; their insane gabble being turned to speech, their savage howling to music, so that

> "the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Wherein is boldly figured the educating of nature up, so to speak, into intelligent ministries, she lending man hands because he lends her eyes; weaving her forces, as it were, into vital union with him, to the end that she may rise above herself and attain to a more excellent form.

This, to be sure, is making the work rather an allegory than a drama, and therein of course misrepresents its quality; for the connecting links in this strange intercourse of the natural and the supernatural are "beings individually determined," and affect us as persons, not as propositions.

Ariel and Caliban are equally preternatural, though in opposite directions. Ariel's very being is spun out of melody and fragrance; at least, if a feeling soul and an intelligent will be the warp, these are the woof of his exquisite texture. He has just enough of human-heartedness to know how he would feel were he human, and a proportionable sense of gratitude, which has been aptly called "the memory of the heart": hence he needs to be often

reminded of his obligations, but does all his spiriting gently while he holds the remembrance of them. Yet his delicacy of nature is nowhere more apparent than in his sympathy with right and good: the instant he comes within their touch he follows them without reserve; and he will suffer any tortures rather than "act the earthy and abhorred commands" that go against his moral grain. And what a merry little personage he is withal! as if his being were cast together in an impulse of play, and he would spend his whole life in one perpetual frolic. But the main ingredients of his zephyr-like constitution are shown in his leading inclinations; for he must needs have most affinity for that of which he is framed. Moral ties are irksome to him; they are not his proper element: when he enters their sphere he feels them to be holy indeed; but, were he free, he would keep out of their reach, and follow the circling seasons in their course, and always dwell merrily in the fringes of summer. He is indeed an arrant little epicure of perfume and sweet sounds, and gives forth several songs which "seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible"; and which, "without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals." [1]

Of Ariel's powers and functions as Prospero's prime minister no logical forms, nothing but art, and perhaps no art but the poet's, can give any sort of an idea. Gifted with the ubiquity and multiformity of the substance from which he is named, before we can catch and define him in any one shape he has passed into another. All we can say of him on this score is, that through his agency Prospero's thoughts forthwith become things, his volitions events. And yet, strangely and diversely as his nature is elemented and compacted, with touches akin to several orders of being, there is such a self-consistency about him, he is so cut out in individual distinctness and rounded in with personal

[1] Hazlitt.

attributes, that contemplation freely and easily rests upon him as an *object.*

If Caliban strike us as a more wonderful creation than Ariel, it is probably because he has more in common with us without being in any proper sense human. Perhaps we cannot hit him better than by saying he represents, both in soul and body, a sort of intermediate nature between man and brute, with an infusion of something that belongs to neither: as though one of the transformations, imagined by the author of *Vestiges of Creation,* had stuck midway in its course, where a breath or vapor of essential Evil had knit itself vitally into his texture. If he have all the attributes of humanity from the moral downwards, so that his nature touches and borders upon the sphere of moral life; still the result but approves his exclusion from such life, in that it brings him to recognize moral law only as making for self. It is a most singular and significant stroke in the representation, that sleep seems to loosen the fetters of his soul and lift him above himself: then indeed, and then only, the "muddy vesture of decay" doth not so "grossly close him in" but that

> "The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me";

as though in his passive state the voice of truth and good vibrated down *to* his soul, and stopped there, being unable to kindle any answering tones within; so that in his waking hours they are to him but as the memory of a dream.

Thus Caliban is part man, part demon, part brute, each being drawn somewhat out of itself by combination with the others, and the union of all preventing his being either; for which cause language has no generic term that fits him. Yet this strange, uncouth, but life-like confusion of natures Prospero has educated into a sort of poet. This, however, has nowise tamed, it has rather increased his innate malignity and crookedness of disposition; education having of course but *educed* what was in him. Even his poetry is for the most part made up of the fascinations of

ugliness; a sort of inverted beauty; the poetry of dissonance and deformity: the proper music of his nature being to curse, its proper laughter to snarl. Schlegel finely compares his mind to a dark cave into which the light of knowledge falling neither illuminates nor warms it, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapors generated there.

Of course it is only by exhausting the resources of instruction on such a being that his innate and essential deficiency can be fully shown. For had he the germs of a human soul, they must needs have been drawn forth by the process that has made him a poet. The magical presence of spirits, it is true, hath cast into the caverns of his brain a faint reflection of a better world, but without calling up any answering emotions or aspirations; he having indeed no susceptibilities to catch and take in the epiphanies that throng his whereabout. So that, paradoxical as it may seem, he exemplifies the twofold triumph of art over nature, and of nature over art.

But what is most remarkable of all is the perfect originality of his thoughts and manners. Though framed of grossness and malignity, there is nothing vulgar or common-place about him. His whole character indeed is developed from within, not impressed from without; the effect of Prospero's instructions having been to make him all the more himself; and there being perhaps no soil in his nature for conventional vices and knaveries to take root and grow in. Hence the almost classic dignity of his behavior compared with that of the drunken sailors, who are little else than a sort of low, vulgar conventionalities organized, and as such not less true to the life than consistent with themselves. In his simplicity indeed he at first mistakes them for gods who "bear celestial liquor," and they wax merry enough at the "credulous monster"; but in his vigor of thought and purpose he soon conceives such a scorn at their childish interest in whatever trinkets and gewgaws meet their eye, as fairly drives off his fit of intoxication; and

the savage of the woods, half-human though he be, seems nobility itself beside the savages of the city.

In short, if Caliban be, as it were, the organized sediment and dregs of the place, from which all the finer spirit has been drawn off to fashion the delicate Ariel, yet having some parts of a human mind strangely interwoven with his structure; everything about him, all that he does and says, is suitable and correspondent to such a constitution of nature: so that all the elements and attributes of his being stand and work together in living coherence, thus rendering him no less substantive and personal to our apprehension than original and peculiar in himself.

Such are the objects and influences amid which the clear, placid nature of Miranda has been developed. Of the world whence her father was driven, its crimes and follies and sufferings, she knows nothing, he having studiously kept all such notices from her, to the end, apparently, that nothing might thwart or hinder the plastic efficacies that surround her. And here all the simple and original elements of her being, love, light, grace, honor, and innocence, all pure feelings and tender sympathies, whatsoever is sweet and gentle and holy in womanhood, seem to have sprung up in her nature as from celestial seed: "the contagion of the world's slow stain" hath not visited her; the chills and cankers of artificial wisdom have not touched nor come near her: if there were any fog or breath of evil in the place that might else dim or spot her soul, it has been sponged up by Caliban as being more congenial with his nature; while he is simply "a villain she does not love to look on." Nor is this all. The aerial music, beneath which her nature has expanded with answering sweetness, seems to rest visibly upon her, linking her, as it were, with some superior order of beings: the spirit and genius of the place, its magic and mystery, have breathed their power into her face; and out of them she has unconsciously woven herself a robe of supernatural grace, in which even her mortal nature seems half hidden, so that we hardly know

whether she belongs more to heaven or to earth. Thus both her native virtues and the efficacies of the place seem to have crept and stolen into her unperceived, by mutual attraction and assimilation twining together in one growth, and each diffusing its life and beauty all over and through the other. It would seem as if the great poet of our age must have had Miranda in his eye, (or was he but working in the spirit of that nature which she so rarely exemplifies?), when he wrote the lines:

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Yet for all this Miranda not a whit the less touches us as a creature of flesh and blood, "a being breathing thoughtful breath." Nay, she seems all the more so, forasmuch as the character thus coheres with the circumstances, the virtues and poetries of the place being expressed in her visibly; and she would be far less real to our feelings, were not the wonders of her whereabout thus vitally incorporated with her innate and original attributes. This matter has been put so well by Mrs. Jameson that it would be wronging the subject not to quote her words: "If we can presuppose such a situation, with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts,

from the supernatural and poetical circumstances assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial."

It is observable that Miranda does not perceive the working of her father's art upon herself; as, when he puts her to sleep, she attributes it to the strangeness of his tale. And, on the other hand, he thinks she is not listening attentively to what he is saying, partly, perhaps, because he is not attending to it himself, his thoughts being about the approaching crisis in his fortunes while his speech is of the past, and partly because in her ecstasy of wonder at what he is relating she seems abstracted and self-withdrawn from the matter of his discourse. For indeed to her the supernatural stands in the place of nature, and nothing is so strange and wonderful as what actually passes in the life and heart of man: miracles have been her daily food, her father being the greatest miracle of all; which must needs make the common events and passions and perturbations of the world seem to her miraculous. All which the Poet has wrought out with so much art, and so little appearance of it, that Franz Horn is the only critic so far as we know, that seems to have thought of it.

We may not dismiss Miranda without remarking upon the sweet union of womanly dignity and childlike simplicity in her character, she not knowing or not caring to disguise the innocent movements of her heart. This, too, is a natural result of her situation. Equally fine is the circumstance, that her father opens to her the story of her life, and lets her into the secret of her noble birth and ancestry, at a time when she is suffering with those that she saw suffer, and when her eyes are jeweled with pity, as if on purpose that the ideas of rank and dignity may sweetly blend and coalesce in her mind with the sympathies of the woman.

The strength and delicacy of imagination displayed in

these characters are scarce more admirable than the truth and subtlety of observation shown in the others.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science, the leading points of which are thus set forth by Coleridge: "In the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also of rendering the transition to wickedness easy, by making the good ridiculous. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place,—something not habitually matter of reverence."

Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime, that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those

of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

And the same deep skill is shown in case of the good old man, Gonzalo, whose sense of his own pains and perils seems lost in his care to minister comfort and diversion to others. Thus his virtue spontaneously opens the springs of wit and humor within him amid the terrors of the storm and shipwreck; and he is merry while others are suffering, even from sympathy with them: and afterwards his thoughtful spirit plays with Utopian fancies; and if "the latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning," it is all the same to him, his purpose being only to beguile the anguish of supposed bereavement. It hath been well said, that "Gonzalo is so occupied with duty, in which alone he finds pleasure, that he scarce notices the gnat-stings of wit with which his opponents pursue him; or, if he observes, firmly and easily repels them."

In Ferdinand is portrayed one of those happy natures, such as we sometimes meet with, who are built up all the more strongly in virtue and honor by contact with the vices and meannesses of the world. The meeting of him and Miranda is replete with magic indeed; a magic higher and more potent even than Prospero's: all the riches that nestle in their bosoms at once leaping forth and running together into a stream of poetry which no words of ours can describe. So much of beauty in so few words, and those few so plain and homely,—"O, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!" Here, again, Prospero does but furnish occasions: his art has the effect of unsealing the choice founts of nature, but the waters gush from depths which even he cannot reach; so that his mighty magic bows before a still more wondrous potency. After seeing himself thus outdone by the nature he has been wont to control, and having witnessed such a "fair encounter of two most

rare affections," no wonder that he longs to be a man again, like other men, and, with a heart "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," gladly returns to

> "The homely sympathy that heeds
> The common life; our nature breeds;
> A wisdom fitted to the needs
> Of hearts at leisure."

Some appear to have thought the presence of Trinculo and Stephano a blemish in the play. We cannot think so. Their follies give a zest and relish to the high poetries amid which they grow. Such things go to make up the mysterious whole of human life; and they often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it: we may think they had better be away; yet, were they away, we should feel that something were wanting. Besides, if this part of the work do not directly yield a grateful fragrance, it is vitally related to the parts that do.

Such are the strangely-assorted characters that make up this charming play. And yet how they all concur in unity of effect! This harmonious working together of diverse and opposite elements,—this smooth concurrence of heterogeneous materials in one varied yet coherent impression,—by what subtle process this is brought about, must be left to keener and deeper wits. But how variously soever men may account for this, no one, surely, who has a proper sense of art, or of nature as addressed to the imaginative faculty, can well question, that all the parts are so vitally interwoven, that if any one be cut away the whole drama will be in danger of bleeding to death.

We cannot leave the subject without remarking what an atmosphere of wonder and mystery overhangs and pervades this singular structure, and how the whole seems steeped in glories invisible to the natural eye, yet made visible by the Poet's art; thus leading the thoughts insensibly upwards to other worlds and other forms of being. It were difficult indeed to name anything else of human workmanship so thoroughly transfigured with

"the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream:"

the celestial and the earthly being so commingled,—commingled, but not confounded,—that we see not where the one begins and the other ends: so that in reading it we seem transported to a region where we are strangers, yet old acquaintances; where all things are at once new and familiar: the unearthly visions of the spot hardly touching us with surprise; because, though wonderful indeed, there is nothing about them but that somewhat within us owns and assimilates with more readily than is compatible with such an impression. That our thoughts and feelings are thus at home with such things and take pleasure in them,—is not this because of some innate aptitudes and affinities of our nature for a supernatural and celestial life?

"Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole?"

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

PROSPERO

We may well believe that Prospero stands for Shakespeare, the mighty magician who wove his airy charms, woke sleepers from their graves, and set before us many a majestic vision; whose life was dedicated to the liberal arts, these being all his study; and who would spend his latter days in retirement at his Milan, where every third thought should be his grave.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Prospero is to me the representative of wise and virtuous manhood in its true relation to the combined elements of existence,—the physical powers of the external world, and the varieties of character with which it comes into voluntary, accidental or enforced contact.—Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the densest and Ariel the most ethereal extreme, Prospero is the middle link. He—the wise and good man—is the ruling power, to whom the whole series is subject.—First, and lowest in the scale, comes the gross and uncouth but powerful savage, who represents both the more ponderous and unwieldy natural elements (as the earth and water), which the wise magician by his knowledge compels to his service; and the brutal and animal propensities of the nature of man which he, the type of its noblest development, holds in lordly subjugation.—Mrs. Kemble, *Some Notes on the Text of Shakespeare.*

Ariel is swayed more by fear than gratitude, a fact which excites Prospero's anger. And here let it be remarked

what necessities belong to dramatic characterization. Although Shakspere would not exhibit Prospero with his clear spiritual will and power obscured and turmoiled by the sensual appetites and passions that made the lives of Antony and Cleopatra "a storm whereon they rode"; yet, had he depicted his benevolent magician as basking perpetually in the sunshine of an open conscience and uninterruptedly serene, we should have had a being elevated so far above the condition of humanity that we could not have sympathized with him. He therefore presents him as chafed with certain obstacles in the magic sphere of his working, and as occasionally wroth with Ariel and Caliban for resistance expressed or implied. He is also liable to perturbation of mind from forgetfulness, as in the Fourth Act, when he suddenly remembers the conspiracy of Caliban. And thus, with all his moral excellence, Prospero is made to awaken our sympathy for a natural imperfection. Meanwhile, all has the wonderful coherence and mystery of a dream.—Heraud, *Shakspere—His Inner Life.*

MIRANDA

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an enchanted Paradise."

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—"O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of

air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that "ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, "breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stand in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we

not behold in the character of Miranda, not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, "suffering with those that she saw suffer"; and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honor like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defense. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Miranda is "created of every creature's best"; she is the wonder-child of the enchanted island, wellnigh too ethereal to be mated to any of the sons of men. Reared among the "untrodden ways" she has drawn into her blood the influences of this tropical solitude; she might have inspired the modern poet's vision of a maiden molded into grace by "the silent sympathy" of elemental things:

> "The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

Save her father, and the half-brute Caliban, whom she fears to look on, she has known no human creature, and her character is without the complexity bred by artificial surround-

ings. The primal instincts of womanhood, as Shakspere conceived them, tenderness, modesty, simple faith in good, alone stir her breast. So unlearned is she in worldly experience that when Ariel's music draws Ferdinand to her father's cell she takes him for a spirit, "a thing divine." The prince, in equal amaze, salutes her as "the goddess on whom these airs attend."—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

Miranda is representative of a love which, without historic influence, can develop its highest ideality, like a flower in a virgin soil which only fairy feet may tread. The songs of Ariel have molded her heart, and sensuality never appeared to her but in the revolting, hateful shape of Caliban. The love, therefore, which Ferdinand inspires, is not merely naïve but of a holy sincerity, of a primeval purity verging on the awesome.—Heine, *Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen.*

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA

Ferdinand and Miranda confess their love while Prospero watches them at some distance. A short space of time has sufficed indissolubly to unite the two hearts which were destined for one another. In fact, love, in the narrower sense of the word, is always the birth of an instant; long acquaintance, mutual esteem and affection, may or may not precede it—this is a matter of indifference to love; it does not grow out of these like a bud from its calyx, acquaintance and affection are, so to say, but the fuel which the flash of love has first to strike before fire and flame are produced. Ferdinand and Miranda form the loveliest companion-piece to Romeo and Juliet, with this difference, that here, in comedy, love has exchanged the tragic cothurnus for the comic soccus. In place of the melancholy, devouring heat of immoderate passion which in *Romeo and Juliet* tears everything along with it in its headlong course, overcasting the horizon as with a thunder-cloud ready to

burst forth into destruction, and bearing within itself the full weight of the tragic pathos, we here also behold the fire of passion, but the passion of two tender obedient hearts, child-like in their gentleness; a passion which, like a mild and yet far-reaching light, clothes all objects in the brightest colors. In the former case all is thunder and lightning, the forked light that shines and illuminates but which also destroys; in the latter, it is the first rays of the morning sun which, in announcing a lovely spring day, looks down timidly and blushingly over the mountain top into the valley. And nevertheless we feel that this delicate germ, which has just begun to shoot forth, possesses a force unequaled by any power on earth. Even Prospero's magic, which has made thunder, lightning, and tempest its tools, and which guides all the other personages like children in leading-strings, has no power here, it cannot even restrain or retard, much less prevent or destroy. It is indeed Prospero's wish that Miranda and Ferdinand shall be united—this wish even forms the point to which all his desires and intentions are directed—but he, at the same time, would like to see their blossoming love keeping exact pace with the maturing of his own plans. For he does not know what will be the effect of the extraordinary occurrences of his magic arts, and of the supposed loss of the king's beloved son, or whether the king will yield and consent to the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda. This is his reason for wishing to control their love; he would like to see the spark ignite, but not to see it burst at once into flame; this is doubtless the principal reason why he at first treats Ferdinand with so much unfriendliness and condemns him to work like a common servant. However, even in the form of a servant, love finds its kindred heart and contrives to ennoble its common state of servitude and its most menial work; unceasingly does the magnet exercise its invisible power, and Prospero is ultimately obliged to consent to that which all the magic in the world could not have prevented.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ALONZO, ANTONIO, AND SEBASTIAN

It treats of the rebellion of kindred, of the usurpation of one brother against another, of the ungrateful brother against the beneficent one. Duke Prospero of Milan, absorbed in his studies, has committed the government of his states to his brother Antonio, "whom, next to his child, of all the world" he loves best. His confidence created in Antonio falsehood as boundless as the trust reposed in him, the habit of power and dominion led to ambition, and out of ambition grew treachery. He arranged everything in the state to further the objects of his ambition, filled all offices with his creatures, made a league with Prospero's enemy, the King of Naples, made free Milan tributary to him, obtained the help of the king's brother Sebastian, and then overthrew his own brother, and exposed him with his infant heiress to perish on the sea. In addition to this unnatural conduct towards his brother, his prince, his niece, and his country, we see Antonio in the course of the play project another deed of unnatural treachery against his auxiliaries and his new liege lord. To escape the tribute he urges Alonzo's brother to murder the king, the similar crime which he had committed against Prospero. Both Antonio and Sebastian we find are cruel, seizing the unsuitable moment of misfortune to make bitter reproaches to Alonzo, like incarnate mockers, as Coleridge says, "who indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good." Antonio is the worst sinner of the two, who, as Prospero says at the end, had entertained ambition against his own flesh and blood, and "had expelled remorse and nature." He says of himself:—

> "Twenty consciences
> That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
> And melt, ere they molest!"

Compared to him, intriguer as he is, Sebastian is like "standing water," which Antonio "will teach how to flow," that he may not as

"Ebbing men indeed,
Most often do, so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth."

When their projects fail, and the fruit of their previous crimes is destroyed, Antonio stands petrified; Sebastian, who was at first troubled with remorse and stings of conscience, breathes again; Alonzo, after the first stroke, when he imagined his son to be lost, becomes silent, stupid, and repentant. He has gone to Tunis with his fleet, where he had given his daughter in marriage, against all advice, even against her own inclination; he has unnaturally sacrificed his own child by a political union; as a punishment for this, according to the view of Antonio and Sebastian, he is overtaken by the tempest, which, by the destruction of his son and heir, also revenges on him his crime against Milan. When he receives from Ariel the wonderful announcement that they are considered usurpers in the uninhabited island, and that perdition hangs over their heads, from which "nothing but heart's sorrow, and a clear life ensuing" can deliver them, Antonio and Sebastian want to "fight with the fiend"; Alonzo alone is ripened by sorrow, and maintains his change of mind, when he desires the marriage of his son with the heiress of Milan, and penitently kneels before Miranda, now his daughter.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

STEPHANO AND TRINCULO

We cannot pass over Stephano and Trinculo. They are the humorous reflection, on a lower level, of the King and the nobles; of what Alonzo and his nobles might be, if they had been born as grooms and butlers. And their conspiracy to slay Prospero, and be kings of the island, is the ludicrous image of the conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio to slay Alonzo, even of the conspiracy in the past which drove Prospero from his throne. That is Shakespeare, fanciful and fantastic, doubling of his plot; his addition of a lining of gaiety to the cloak of seriousness.

Stephano and Trinculo are Shakespeare's last study of the drunkard. It is the habit to speak of them together, but Shakespeare took pains to differentiate them. They have quite distinct characters, though they belong to the same type. They are set into contrast with Caliban; the savages of civilization with the natural savage; and Caliban is the better man. They are quite useless on the island; the sweet sounds of it are nothing to them; they do not understand Caliban when he is poetical. Caliban becomes an idealizer when he is drunk; they lower everything, when they are drunk, to their own level. Caliban's mind develops under liquor; theirs is quite brutalized, save that they have not lost the gross, natural humor of their class. They are both amusing; and curiously enough, but, when one thinks of it, quite a piece of natural truth, Trinculo, the jester, when he is sober, is not so entertaining as Stephano, the butler. Each, in drink, loses his conventional habit. Caliban, drunk, loses his fear of Prospero, and plans his master's murder with audacity, even with ability. Trinculo's fears redouble. Stephano is not afraid of anything, but his vulgarity of mind, when he is drunk, rises into its perfect consummation. It is almost ideal. His last speech in which—having been pinched and cramped, and hunted with dogs—his courage, which endears him to us is still high and is heightened by the liquor in him, is inimitably invented by Shakespeare. He comes, in the stolen apparel, all bedraggled, before the fine company, and is not a bit ashamed or depressed. In his drunkenness, he is even for the first time intelligent.

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

ARIEL

Ariel is the ethereal personification of will and accomplishment, with the lightning's speed. When despatched

on an errand by Prospero, and desired to make good speed, he answers, "I drink the air before me!" What an idea do those six words convey of compassing time and space! With a refinement of his art, Shakespeare has contrived to secure our interests in and sympathies with this exquisite being, by imbuing it with the frolicsome and wayward fancies of a petted child. We incline to take part with Ariel in his little fretfulnesses and longings to be as unfettered as the winged winds. His desires to be set free, (for freedom is his nature,) and his pretty frowardness under the constraint of the mighty magician, who, although his liberator, is still his master, even his tyrant, is more excusable than the latter's tetchy reproaches. All this enlists our sympathy with the little "featureless angel," as he has been happily called; but Shakespeare has gone yet farther upon this point, by giving to Ariel a feeling of tender commiseration for the interests of those whom he is commanded to punish and torment.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

Let us look a little at the attributes of this delicate Ariel. He is subject to the enchanter, and he pines for liberty. But he had been a slave to one of a less kindly nature—to the witch Sycorax. Her commands were earthy and abhorred, and Ariel refused her hests. For this he was imprisoned in a cloven pine. Prospero released him. Prospero's commands are sometimes toilsome, but the promise of freedom makes Ariel obedient—he does his spiriting gently. He fills the air of the isle with sweet music, or with solemn; he perplexes his master's enemies with "aery tongues that syllable men's names";—he is a sea-nymph, and he is a harpy. He enjoys his work, he revels in his fun—he is all gentleness to his commander, with his "do you love me, master?" And his master loves him—Ariel is his free spirit; his bird, his chick. Dainty Ariel! thou art not of the earth—thou art but air—and yet thou art as natural as the veriest portrait of humanity. To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to

pierce the veins of the frosty soil—these are thy duties; but thy pleasures are of the most refined epicurism—to suck with the bee, and dwell under the blossom that hangs on the bough.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspear.*

In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken; . . . . . as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in *The Midsummer Night's Dream,* in *The Tempest,* in the magical part of *Macbeth,* and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in equal degree with Dante and himself.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures.*

CALIBAN

Caliban, on the other hand, is of the earth earthy, a kind of land-fish, a being formed of heavy and gross materials, who was raised by Prospero from the condition of an animal to that of a human being, without, however, being really civilized. Prospero made much of the creature at first, caressed him and gave him to drink of water mixed with the juice of berries; taught him the art of speech and how to name the greater and the lesser light, and lodged him in his cell. But from the moment Caliban's savage instinct prompted him to attempt the violation of Miranda, Prospero treated him as a slave and made him serve as such. Strangely enough, however, Shakespeare has made him no prosaically raw being, untouched by the poetry of the enchanted island. The vulgar newcomers, Trinculo and Stephano, speak in prose, but Caliban's utterances are always rhythmic; indeed, many of the most exquisitely melo-

dious lines in the play fall from the lips of this poor animal. They sound like an echo from the time he lived within the magic circle and was the constant companion of Prospero and Miranda.

But since, from being their fellow, he has been degraded to their slave, all gratitude for former benefits has disappeared from his mind; and he now employs the language they have taught him in cursing the master who has robbed him, the original inhabitant, of his birthright. His is the hatred of the savage for his civilized conquerors.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

Whether under the name Caliban Shakespeare meant in an anagram to conceal the word "cannibal" can never be known, but it is certain that the relations between Prospero and Caliban bring to mind many of the problems which arise from the existence of inhabitants of a lower stage of civilization on lands newly discovered and settled by Europeans. Caliban is the untutored savage. His language speaks the poetry and imaginativeness which are the property of the child of nature. By what right should Prospero claim his menial service? Of what advantage to him were education and the restraints of morality? Was he happier or better for contact with a superior civilization? Were it not better for both parties that he should be let alone? "But," says Prospero,

> "We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
> Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
> That profit us."

This is the exact plea which civilization always makes to explain the servitude of its inferiors. It is the tyrant's plea, necessity, and the history of Caliban's subjection is precisely that of the Indians of the New World.—Ransome, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE CHARACTERS SYMBOLICAL

There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such variety of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the Imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the Fancy as in Ariel, the brute Understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his actual lord, the higher Reason. Miranda is mere abstract Womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was awakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her, the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam. Ferdinand, again, is nothing more than Youth, compelled to drudge at something he despises, till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda. The subordinate personages are simply types; Sebastian and Antonio, of weak character and evil ambition; Gonzalo, of average sense and honesty; Adrian and Francisco, of the walking gentlemen who fill up a world.—Lowell, *Among My Books.*

WITCHCRAFT

Only one man resisted this universal current [*i. e.* the belief in witchcraft promulgated by James].

That man was Shakespeare.

Shakespeare did not as did Reginald Scot.

He did not reject the traditions of the Bible nor the legends; he engrafted them.

He did not question the existence of the invisible world; he rehabilitated it.

He did not deny man's supernatural power; he consecrated it.

James the Sixth said: Accursed be spirits! Shakespeare says: Glory be to spirits!

This side taken by the poet was not the premeditation

of a tactician; it was the result of a conviction. Shakespeare had a profound belief in the mysterious. He was not one of those who affirm that the creation which begins with stones stops at man; he accepted fully the popular philosophy which makes an indefinite scale of beings ascend from matter to idea, from evil to good, from Satan to Jehovah, and midway in this scale places man, half body and half soul. Convinced that there is an intermediate world between man and God, Shakespeare was led, by logic itself, to a recognition of all the creatures wherewith the Pantheism of the Renaissance filled the world. No! Legends did not lie. No! Scripture did not lie. No! Mythology was not a myth. No! Plato did not lie. No! the ancient Druidical dogma did not lie. There is room in the Infinite for all the creatures of the Theogonies. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Above us, around us, and below us there are circling thousands of beings who see us, and whom we do not. These beings animate creation everywhere; gnomes and satyrs people the earth; nymphs, naiads and undines people the waters; lares and hobgoblins people houses; sylphs and salamanders people the air and the fire; fairies people the ether; spirits people atoms! These beings form a superior humanity, seeing further than we and knowing more than we. And we, junior humanity, have not the right, forsooth, to address ourselves to this elder sister! We have not the right, forsooth, to evoke her, to consult her, to conjure her! We, sad lump of flesh that we are, must needs be forbidden in our perplexities to call upon these luminous auxiliaries! And not only is this appeal to be forbidden us, but it is to be accounted a crime! and, to punish these invocations to the purest of spiritual beings, fagots are to be prepared!—
Victor Hugo, *Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare.*

FANTASTIC AND HARMONIOUS

This romance of *The Tempest* is as fantastic and harmonious as *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and at least as deep as *Hamlet*. Solemnity, irony, broad humor, lyric of unearthly beauty, are combined in a shining serenity. The poet seems, Ariel-like, to sport with language, and to amuse himself with new discovery of its resources. Search has been made for symbolism in this play; but if there be any, it is probably unconscious, and it certainly eludes demonstration. The idea that Shakespeare represented himself in the enchanter Prospero has little but its attractiveness to recommend it. Between Prospero, the overman, and the beast-man Caliban, lies the whole range not only of Shakespearean, but also of human character.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

GRACE AND GRANDEUR OF THE PLAY

The Tempest is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespear's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind, has the same palpable texture, and coheres "semblably" with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician, Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding; his daughter Miranda ("worthy of that name") to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle; the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the heaven of his happiness in this idol of his love; the delicate Ariel; the

savage Caliban, half brute, half demon; the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tost vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespear's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." Everything in him, though it partakes of "the liberty of wit," is also subjected to "the law" of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling-ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the winds and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play: but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE DRAMATIC MOVEMENT

To turn to the play itself:—the proper action, the dramatic movement of it, is of very limited scope. Prospero, duke of Milan, who had been deposed by his brother and the king of Naples, "an enemy inveterate" (Act I, ii), and exposed at sea in an open boat, raises by his power of enchantment, a violent tempest, and causes his enemies, who are on their return from Africa, to be cast ashore on the island, where for many years he has found refuge with his daughter. By wise and prompt direction of the agency of spirits, over whom his knowledge has given him command, he improves the opportunity to strike the king of Naples with remorse, to convert him from an enemy into an ally, to bring about the marriage of his own daughter with his son, regain his right in an independent dukedom, and take

noble revenge for the treachery of his brother. The supernatural aids at the command of Prospero give occasion for highly picturesque incident, but his success, and the interest of the play, are not less due to the discretion, self command, and vigor, which he displays in availing himself of them. Such qualities might appear inconsistent with his original loss of position, but this is explained by his misfortune being ascribed to his neglect of the active virtues for the sake of knowledge; and it is the very pith and marrow of the argument and conduct of the play, to show what are the exercises and what are the impulses by which in a noble nature such a want of balance may be corrected, and how when studious and administrative energy and moral purpose at last work together in harmony, the coarser, ruder, and baser talents of mere men of the world, are weak as the ways of children.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE ACTION OF THE PLAY

The Tempest is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and test of every true work of art.—Garrett, *The Irving Shakespeare.*

THE EPILOGUE

Finally, in the Epilogue, which was written perhaps by Shakspere, perhaps by some one acquainted with his thoughts, Prospero in his character of a man, no longer a potent enchanter, petitions the spectators of the theater for two things, pardon and freedom. It would be straining matters to discover in this Epilogue profound significances. And yet in its playfulness it curiously falls in with the moral purport of the whole. Prospero, the pardoner, implores pardon. Shakspere was aware—whether such be the significance (aside—for the writer's mind) of this Epilogue or not—that no life is ever lived which does not need to receive as well as to render forgiveness. He knew that every energetic dealer with the world must seek a sincere and liberal pardon for many things. Forgiveness and freedom: these are keynotes of the play. When it was occupying the mind of Shakspere, he was passing from his service as artist to his service as English country gentleman. Had his mind been dwelling on the question of how he should employ his new freedom, and had he been enforcing upon himself the truth that the highest freedom lies in the bonds of duty?—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Alonso, *King of Naples*
Sebastian, *his brother*
Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan*
Antonio, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan*
Ferdinand, *son to the King of Naples*
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counselor*

Adrian, Francisco, } *Lords*

Caliban, *a savage and deformed Slave*
Trinculo, *a Jester*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler*
Master of a Ship
Boatswain
Mariners

Miranda, *daughter to Prospero*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit*

Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers, } *presented by Spirits*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

During a tempest there is wrecked on the shores of an enchanted island a vessel in which are Alonso, the king of Naples, Sebastian, his brother; Ferdinand, his son; Antonio, an usurping Duke of Milan, and their attendants. On this island dwell Prospero and his daughter Miranda, with a deformed slave, Caliban. During the storm Prospero unfolds to his daughter the story of his past life. He was the rightful Duke of Milan and had been deposed by his brother Antonio, aided by Alonso, king of Naples. They dared not kill him because of the love the people bore him, and so they set him and his little daughter adrift on the sea in an open boat. A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, out of his charity provisioned the boat with some food and fresh water, and gave them some rich garments, linens, stuffs, and other necessaries. He also placed in the boat some books which he knew the Duke prized very highly. Twelve years had passed since they had landed on that island, years spent by Prospero in teaching his daughter and in studying his books of magic. At last Fortune had brought his enemies to the island's shore and he had raised the storm that he might get them in his power. Ariel, one of the spirits subject to him, enters and reports that all of the passengers have come safely to land, but are scattered in groups, and that the ship is safe, hidden in an odd angle of the isle. The king's son, Ferdinand, is separated from all his friends and is lured by Ariel's music into the presence of Prospero and Miranda. Im-

mediately the prince and princess fall in love with each other.

ACT II

The other victims of the shipwreck wander about the island until all except Antonio and Sebastian are lulled to sleep by Ariel's music. These two plan to murder the king, so that if they should be rescued Sebastian may become king of Naples. Ariel frustrates their plot by awakening Gonzalo. In another part of the island Trinculo, a jester, and Stephano, a butler, discover Caliban.

ACT III

To test Ferdinand's love for Miranda, Prospero sets him to carrying and piling logs. He works faithfully, refusing to let Miranda help him, but telling her of his love for her. Caliban tells Stephano and Trinculo that he is subject to a tyrant and a sorcerer, and the three plan to kill Prospero and have the island for themselves. Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, and the others wander about until they are nearly overcome with hunger and weariness. Prospero, aided by Ariel, tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet.

ACT IV

Ferdinand's labors are rewarded by the gift of Miranda's hand from her father, who entertains the lovers with visions of spirits. Their revels are interrupted by the remembrance of Caliban's plot against Prospero's life. The conspirators are frustrated and punished by Ariel and Prospero, who set divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds upon them.

ACT V

Ariel brings Alonso and his companions to Prospero's cell. Resolved to forgive them if they should be penitent for the past, Prospero reveals his identity to them. His

dukedom is restored to him. Alonso mourns his son as lost, but Prospero shows him Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda. Alonso sanctions their troth. Prospero swears to nevermore make use of his magic and the king and his company, with Prospero and his daughter journey to Naples to solemnize the nuptials of Ferdinand and Miranda.

THE TEMPEST

ACT FIRST

Scene I

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

1. Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony. It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural—(the distinction to which I have so often alluded)—and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow."—H. N. H.

3. *"Good";* "my good fellow," a persuasive preface to a command. So in vv. 16, 20, etc.—C. H. H.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not

19. *"roarers"*; blusterers.—C. H. H.

born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

39. *"down with the topmast";* of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says: 'If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast,—where he had not sea-room."—H. N. H.

42. *"our office";* my orders.—C. H. H.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within*: 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let 's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long

67. "[*confused noise within:*]"; this passage is usually printed as a part of Gonzalo's speech; which is clearly wrong. Dr. Johnson suggested that the words here enclosed in brackets should be given as a part, or rather as the particulars of the *confused noise within.* Which is so obviously right that we should hardly hesitate to adopt it, even if we had not the great authority of Dyce and Halliwell for doing so.—H. N. H.

74. *"long heath, brown furze";* so the folios; Hanmer's emendation has been generally accepted:—"ling, heath, broom, furze."—I. G.

Mira. "If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them."

The Tempest. Act 1, Scene 2.

heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

74. *"long heath";* a variety of heath, "which beareth his flowers alongst the stemmes," was then so called.—C. H. H.

76. *"fain die a dry death";* in Boswell's edition is a paper from Lord Mulgrave, showing that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then been published on the subject." He then exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described: the expedients adopted are the best that could have been devised for a chance of safety: the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail." Captain Glascock says: "The Boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle."—H. N. H.

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

11. *"or ere"; i. e. before, sooner than;* as in *Ecclesiastes, "or ever* the silver cord be loosed"; and again in *Daniel, "or ever* they came to the bottom of the den."—H. N. H.

19. *"more better";* the double comparative is in frequent use among our elder writers.—H. N. H.

25. *"lie there, my art";* Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer" (Fuller's *Holy State*).—H. N. H.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour 's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person:
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp thither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds

50. *"abysm"* was the old mode of spelling *abyss;* from its French original *abisme.*

This line is usually printed thus:

"A princess;—no worse issued":—

which might indeed be admitted, but that there is no authority for it in the original; nor any need of the change, the sense being clear enough without it.—H. N. H.

59. *"issued";* derived.—C. H. H.

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed
'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.

79. *"perfected"*; completely skilled.—C. H. H.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but my being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

94. *"like a good parent";* alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it.—H. N. H.

100. *"Who having into truth";* "into," used in the sense of "unto," and so emended in most editions; the sentence though very involved is intelligible without any alteration; "into truth" depends upon "a sinner"; and "it" refers vaguely to "his own lie"; "to credit"="as to credit."—I. G.

109. *"Milan";* duke of Milan.—C. H. H.

He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

146. *"butt";* (figuratively for) a broad, unwieldy boat, a "tub." That it was not literally a cask is shown by the description "not rigged," etc.—C. H. H.

148. *"quit"* was commonly used for *quitted.*—H. N. H.

When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

169. *"Now I arise";* probably derived from astrology; "now my star is in the ascendant"; it should be noted that the stage direction "Resumes his mantle" is not in the folios.—I. G.

173. *"princess";* princesses. Ff., *princesse.* This is the regular Shakespearean plural of the word.—C. H. H.

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,

192. *"ride on curled clouds";* this is imitated in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the satyre; shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves," etc.—H. N. H.

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,

198. *"I flamed amazement,"* etc.; the description is suggested by the "fire of St. Elmo,"—flames seen during a storm to fly along from mast to mast. Accounts of it were accessible in Hakluyt.—C. H. H.

209. *"a fever of the mad";* that is, such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.—H. N. H.

Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Aye, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

266. *"for one thing she did";* Shakespeare does not tell us what he refers to here; perhaps he merely added the point in order to account for her preservation, or the incident may have been mentioned in his original.—I. G.

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,

And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,

The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that I did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

364. *"red plague"*; plagues were currently classified according to the color of the sores they produced, as "red," "yellow," and "black." —C. H. H.

369. *"old"*; intense, "rare."—C. H. H.

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;

378, 379. *"Kiss'd the wild waves whist";* so the folios; *i. e.,* "Kissed the wild waves into silence"; often printed with a comma after "kissed."—I. G.

395. *"Ariel sings";* the musical setting of this song by R. Johnson, probably that used in the original performance, is still extant in Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads,* 1660. Johnson composed in 1610 the music for Middleton's *The Witch.*—C. H. H.

Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong
Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,

405. *"ditty"*; the words (*detto*) of the song.—C. H. H.

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan

427. *"if you be maid or no"*; Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess: he now asks, if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question.—H. N. H.

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

438. *"his brave son";* this person, apparently by an oversight, does not appear in the sequel.—C. H. H.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.
Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—

5. *"The masters of some merchant"; i. e.,* "the owners of some merchantman"; Steevens suggested "mistress" (old spelling "maistres"); the Cambridge editors "master's" (*i. e.* "master's wife").—I. G.

Seb. One: tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I prithee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match!
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—

27. *"which, of he or Adrian";* "he" for "him," used somewhat substantively, probably owing to the use of the word in the previous sentence, "he will be talking."—I. G.

35, 36. The folios read: "Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you're paid.*" Theobald gives the whole line to Sebastian; and his reading is adopted by the Camb. ed. Possibly a better emendation is the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches; the point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb "let them laugh that win." Capell ingeniously suggested that the folio reading should stand with the slight change of "you 've paid" for "you 're paid."—I. G.

Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss 't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Aye, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouched rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Aye, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the

marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Aye.

78. *"How came that widow in?"; i. e.* seeing that Dido lost Æneas by his desertion, not by his death.—C. H. H.

97. *"Aye";* this is best understood as addressed to Adrian—Gonzalo, who persistently ignores Antonio and Sebastian, reiterating his assurance that Tunis was Carthage. Staunton gave *Aye* to Alonso, interpreting it as an exclamation uttered by him on awaking

Ant. Why, in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Ant. O, widow Dido! aye, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fished for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

from his trance of grief. This has the merit of accounting for Gonzalo's sudden address to the king in line 99.—C. H. H.

98. *"in good time";* "very good," "to be sure."—C. H. H.

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land:
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

132. *"who hath cause"*; the antecedent of "who" is most probably "she"; some make the relative refer to "eye," *i. e.*, "which hath cause to weep."—I. G.

136. *"should bow"*; so folios; seemingly unnecessary corrections have been made, *e. g.*, "she'd bow"; "which end the beam should bow"; the omission of the pronoun "it" or "she" before "should" can easily be paralleled in Shakespeare.—I. G.

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!

173. *"excel the golden age";* in Montaigne's *Essay "Of the Cannibals,"* translated by Florio in 1603, is the following: "Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. —It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them." From which it is plain enough, that Montaigne and Gonzalo must have been together, and "fed on one thought."—H. N. H.

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

195. *"go sleep, and hear us"; i. e.* hear them laughing at him.—C. H. H.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

208. *"consent"*; by common agreement.—C. H. H.

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is

234. *"proclaim a matter from thee";* announce an important communication.—C. H. H.

Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

248. *"But doubt discovery there"; i. e.,* "Cannot but doubt that anything can be discovered there."—I. G.

255. *"She that from whom";* the unnecessary "that" is perhaps intentionally repeated, owing to the previous repetition of "she that." —I. G.

261. *"'twixt which regions";* this passage has given commentators a fine opportunity of showing their superiority to the Poet in the knowledge of geography. But, besides that in Shakespeare's time

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows: now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience.
Ant. Aye, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not

a voyage from Milan to Tunis was not so easy as it has been since, could they not see that he purposely makes Antonio exaggerate the distance, to persuade Sebastian into his plans? So that in showing their knowledge of what the Poet did not aim at, they but showed their ignorance of his proper business. As usual.—H. N. H.

271. A *"chough"* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.—H. N. H.

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;

284. *"candied";* generally explained as "sugared over, and so insensible"; perhaps a better interpretation is "made sweet as sugar," as in the phrase "the candied tongue." Is Antonio possibly playing on "candied" and "candid" (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar)?—I. G.

292. *"who should not upbraid";* to prevent his upbraiding.—C. H. H.

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?

304. *"to keep them living"; them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and the king, not to "projects," as the Chiswick edition has it, thus corrupting the text. Of course but one of the persons referred to was meant in, *you, his friend.*—H. N. H.

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let 's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;

12. *"pricks"* is the ancient word for *prickles*.—H. N. H.

Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a

30. *"Were I in England now,"* etc.; this is attested by the considerable Elizabethan literature of "strange beasts." In 1632 Sir H. Herbert, Master of the Revels, granted a license to J. Seele "to shew a strange fish for half a year."—C. H. H.

man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not escaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said

64. *"men of Ind"*; a synonym for "savages."—C. H. H.

so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly:

84. *"if he have never drunk wine afore";* no impertinent hint to those who indulge in the constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.—H. N. H.

86. *"I will not take too much for him"; i. e.,* "I will take as much as I can possibly get."—I. G.

you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of

the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

152. *"dropped from heaven";* the Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.*—H. N. H.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.

193. *"Scamels";* not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. Many emendations have been made; staniel (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors; the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night,* though the editions read "stallion." "Scamel" is evidently the name of a rock-breeding bird; Mr. Wright has pointed out that, according to Stevenson's *"Birds of Norfolk,"* "the female Bar-tailed Godwit is called a "Scamell" by the gunners of Blakeney."—I. G.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness

1. *"and";* in the sense of "and yet."—H. N. H.
3. *"most poor matters";* humblest operations.—C. H. H.
11. *"Upon a sore injunction";* in obedience to a grievous order (*i. e.* one sanctioned with a grievous penalty).—C. H. H.

Mira. "If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile."

The Tempest. Act 3, Scene 1.

Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

15. *"Most busy lest, when I do it";* so the first folio. Various readings have been suggested; Pope, "least busy when I do it"; Theobald, "most busie-less when I do it"; Holt, "most busiest, when I do it"; Spedding, "most busiest when idlest," etc., etc. It seems likely that the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios throws light on the real meaning of the line:—"most busy least, when I do it"; *i. e.,* "most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work." A comma after "busy" instead of after "least" would simplify this reading, but it is possible to understand it as punctuated in the folios; Shakespeare probably wished to make the superlatives as antithetical as possible; perhaps we should read "labor" for "labors."—I. G.

I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event,

48. *"of every creature's best"*; in the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, a lover says of his mistress: "She is herself of *best things the collection.*" In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakespeare's mind.—H. N. H.

If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband, then?
Fer. Aye, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

72. *"what else"*; for whatever else.—H. N. H.
79. *"die to want"*; die through wanting.—C. H. H.

Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing, can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown

91. *"a thousand thousand"; i. e.* a thousand, thousand times farewell.—H. N. H.

10. *"set"*; closed.—C. H. H.

me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,

He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Aye, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Aye, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*

107. *"he 'll deck withal"; i. e.* deck the house with.—C. H. H.

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Cal. "Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The Tempest. Act 3, Scene 2.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more. [*Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvelous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these? 20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

13. *"advantage"*; opportunity.—C. H. H.

23. *"the phœnix' throne"*; "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree (called in Greek φοινιξ); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe" (Holland's Translation of *Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4).—H. N. H.

And I 'll be sworn 'tis true: travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,— 30
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou has said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue— a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since 40
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

39. *"Praise in departing";* a proverbial expression; "stay your praises till you see how your entertainment will end."—I. G.

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,

44. *"mountaineers"*; savages.—C. H. H.
54. *"to instrument"*; as its instrument, or organ.—C. H. H.

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

105. *"poisons given to work a great time after";* the natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall

3. *"a third"; i. e.* a main portion.—C. H. H.

To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you

27. *"Our worser genius";* the demon within us. Elsewhere Shakespeare's language suggests a single genius or guardian spirit presiding over, but within, each man,—and associating itself now with his planning intellect (*Jul. Cæs.* ii. 1. 66), now with his heroism (*Ant. and Cleo.* ii. 3. 19), now with his weakness (ib. ii. 3. 21). Here, on the contrary, the evil impulses of men are ascribed to a special "worser genius" whom a "better" genius resists. The passage goes far to show that the whole doctrine was with Shakespeare little more than inherited phraseology.—C. H. H.

In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Aye, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost here me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;

64. *"pioned and twilled";* various emendations have been suggested for these difficult words of the folio:—"peonied and lilied," "tulip'd," "tilled," etc. It is noted that "piony" is an old spelling of "peony," and that the flower was formerly spoken of as "the mayden piony" and "virgin peonie." In all probability the meaning of the words has not yet been discovered; they are evidently technical terms of horticulture. (*Cp.* Glossary.)—I. G.

79. *"refreshing showers";* Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's *Virgil, Æneid,* Lib. iv.

"Dame Rainbow down therefore with safron wings of dropping showres,
Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
From heaven descending came."—H. N. H.

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

110. Mr. Wright suggests that "earths" should be read as a dissyllable, "earthes"; the second, third, and fourth folios read *"and"* before "foison."—I. G.

119. *"harmonious charmingly"; i. e.* charmingly harmonious.—H. N. H.

123. *"wonder'd father"; i. e.* a father able to produce such wonders.—H. N. H.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

130. *"crisp channels"; i. e.* curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in *1 K. Hen. IV,* Act i. sc. 3:

"hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."—H. N. H.

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

147, etc. In *The Tragedy of Darius,* by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, published in the year 1603, occurs the following passage, which, according to Steevens, may have been the original of Shakespeare's Speech:—

"Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt:
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."—I. G.

155. *"this insubstantial pageant faded"; i. e. vanished,* from the Latin *vado.* The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air.—H. N. H.

As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Aye, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;

166. *"to meet with"* was anciently the same as to *counteract,* or *oppose.* So in Herbert's *Country Parson:* "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."—H. N. H.

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, Etc.

178. *"as they smelt music";* this, we are told, is an accurate description of the effect music has upon colts. "On first hearing even a trumpet, instead of being terrified, they will often advance, and thrust their nose up to the very mouth" (bell?) "of the instrument, while it is blown, provided this be done with *some* consideration."—H. N. H.

187. *"stale,"* in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.—H. N. H.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee t
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Aye, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o 'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter

193. The folios read "hang on them."—I. G.
207. *"hoodwink"*; conceal.—C. H. H.

Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

223. *"O King Stephano! O Peer!"*; an allusion to the old song, often referred to in Elizabethan literature, "Take thy old cloak about thee":—

"King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held them sixpence all too deere;
Therefore he called the taylor Lowne."

The ballad is printed in Percy's *Reliques;* Shakespeare quotes it also in *Othello,* II. iii. 94.—I. G.

233. *"Let's alone"*; some verb of motion must be understood, *i. e.* "let us go alone" (leaving Trinculo behind); "alone" is possibly an error of the folios for "along," as suggested by Theobald.—I. G.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Aye, and this.

238–240. Stephano plays upon two current senses of the phrase: (1) staked (at tennis), and so waiting to be claimed, the wager being deposited "under the line"; (2) on the equator, where fevers might be contracted resulting in loss of hair. Hence the jerkin is "like to prove a bald jerkin." But the latter phrase has also here, like the former, a literal sense; the jerkin is "like to lose" the horse-hair line on which it hung.—C. H. H.

239–240. "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair" (Steevens).—I. G.

241. *"by line and level";* methodically.—C. H. H.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

265. *"pard"; i. e.* leopard.—H. N. H.
265. *"cat o' mountain";* wild cat.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Before the cell of Prospero

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 29
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

21. *"touch";* sense.—C. H. H.

23–24. The first and second folios place a comma after "sharply," making "passion" a verb; the comma is omitted in the third and fourth folios.—I. G.

33–57. *"Ye elves of hills,"* etc.; this speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in *Ovid;* the expressions are, many of them, in

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that

the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own.—H. N. H.

37. *"green sour ringlets";* circles formed by grass of deeper color and sharper flavor, popularly attributed to the dancing of fairies by night.—C. H. H.

41. *"weak masters"; i. e.* ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves; your employments being of the trivial nature before mentioned.—H. N. H.

47. *"spurs";* spreading roots.—C. H. H.

This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

60. *"boiled within thy skull"*; so in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains."

—H. N. H.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

88. *"Where the bee sucks";* the musical setting of this song by R. Johnson is preserved in Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads,* 1660. It was probably that used in the original performance.—C. H. H.

92. *"after summer merrily";* "at night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell'; and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world,

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." Such appears the most natural as well as most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history?—H. N. H.

94. *"under the blossom that hangs on the bough";* this was the received opinion: so in Fairfax's *Tasso,* Book iv. stanza 18:

> "The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
> Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
> *And under every trembling leaf they sit."*—H. N. H.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.

129. *"No"*; Prospero by his "art" is cognizant of Sebastian's "aside." The curtness of the reply has excited suspicion and led to the emendation: "Now (for you)." But the "No" is itself a

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,

kind of aside addressed to Sebastian; and as Prospero does not mean to betray him, its curtness is quite in keeping.—C. H. H.

145. *"as great to me as late"; i. e.* as great to me, *and* as late.—H. N. H.

The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed.
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here!
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

176. *"one dear son shall I twice lose"*; the sense of this passage is not altogether clear. The word *not* seems wanting after *prove;* unless *if* have by some means got substituted for *but.* Alonso has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove *not* a mere vision, he will have to lose him again.—H. N. H.

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;

230. *"dead of sleep"*; in a dead sleep.—C. H. H.

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

244. *"conduct of"*; conductor of.—H. N. H.

246. *"beating on"*; there is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import: "Still *hammering* at it."—H. N. H.

247. *"picked"*; chosen.—C. H. H.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

268. *"if they be true"; i. e.* honest.—H. N. H.

271. *"without her power"; i. e.* work the same effects as the moon without her delegated authority.—H. N. H.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*
Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Aye, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*
Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

302. *"waste"*; spend.—C. H. H.

309. The line is to be read, according to the folios, "to see our dear belov'd solémnizéd."—I. G.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

10. *"with good hands"; i. e.* by your *applause. Noise* was supposed to dissolve a spell. Thus before in this play:

"hush, and be mute,
Or else our *spell is marr'd.*"—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A = on; II. i. 190.

Abuse, deceive; V. i. 112.

Aches (dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches," like the letter H); I. ii. 370.

Admire, wonder; V. i. 154.

Advance, raise, lift up; I. ii. 408.

Adventure, to risk; II. i. 192.

After, afterwards; II. ii. 10.

Again, again and again; I. ii. 390.

A-hold; "to lay a ship a-hold," *i. e.*, "to bring a ship close to the wind so as to hold or keep her to it"; I. i. 56.

Amazement, anguish; I. ii. 14.

Amen, used probably in the sense of "again!" or perhaps merely with the force of "many"; others render it "hold, stop!"; II. ii. 106.

An, if; II. i. 186.

Angle, corner; I. ii. 223.

Argier, Algiers; I. ii. 261.

As, as if; II. i. 126.

Aspersion, sprinkling of rain or dew (with an allusion perhaps to the ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water); IV. i. 18.

Attached, seized; III. iii. 5.

Avoid, begone; IV. i. 142.

Backward, distant, past; I. ii. 50.

Badges; "household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver 'badges' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved"; V. i. 267.

Barefoot (used adjectively); II. ii. 11.

Barnacles, barnacle geese; IV. i. 251.

Bass, utter in a deep bass; III. iii. 99.

Bat-fowling, a term used for catching birds by night; thence the name of a thieves' trick for plundering shops about dusk by pretending to have lost a jewel near; II. i. 190.

Beak, bow (of a ship); I. ii. 196.

Bear up, *i. e.*, take your course, sail up; III. ii. 3.

Bermoothes, *i. e.*, Bermudas; "said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme, and tempest," &c. Stow's Annals; I. ii. 229.

Berries (?= Coffee); I. ii. 334.

Blue-eyed, with blueness about the eyes; I. ii. 269.

Bombard, "black jack" of leather; II. ii. 22.

Bootless, profitless; I. ii. 35.

Bosky, wooded; IV. i. 81.

Bourn, boundary; II. i. 157.

BRAVE, fine; I. ii. 411.
BRING TO TRY; "to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee side"; I. i. 40.
BROOM-GROVES, groves in which broom (*Spartium scoparium*) abounds; or perhaps woods overgrown with *genista*, pathless woods; IV. i. 66.
BUDGE, stir; V. i. 11.
BURTHEN, undersong; I. ii. 381.
BUT, except that; I. ii. 414; otherwise than; I. ii. 119.
BY AND BY, immediately; III. ii. 160.

CAN, is able to make; IV. i. 27.
CANDIED, converted into sugar, sweetened; II. i. 284.
CAPABLE, retentive; I. ii. 353.
CAPERING, jumping for joy; V. i. 238.
CARRIAGE, burden; V. i. 3.
CASE, condition; III. ii. 30.
CAST, to throw up; perhaps with a play upon "cast" in the sense of "to assign their parts to actors"; II. i. 256.
CAT (with reference to the old proverb that good liquor will make a cat speak); II. ii. 94.
CATCH, a part-song; III. ii. 129.
CERTES, certainly; III. iii. 30.
CHALKED FORTH, *i. e.*, chalked out; V. i. 203.
CHERUBIN, a cherub; I. ii. 152.
CHIRURGEONLY, like a surgeon; II. i. 145.
CLEAR, blameless; III. iii. 82.
CLOSENESS, retirement; I. ii. 90.
CLOUDY, gloomy; II. i. 147.
COCKEREL, the young cock; II. i. 31.
COIL, turmoil; I. ii. 207.
COME BY, to acquire; II. i. 297.
CONFEDERATES, conspires; I. ii. 111.
CONSTANT, self-possessed; I. ii. 207; "my stomach is not c." *i. e.* "is qualmish"; II. ii. 130.
CONTENT, desire, will; II. i. 274.
CONTROL, contradict; I. ii. 439.
CORAGIO, courage!; V. i. 258.
COROLLARY, a supernumerary, a surplus; IV. i. 57.
CORRESPONDENT, responsive, obedient; I. ii. 298.
COURSES, the largest lower sails of a ship; I. i. 57.
CRABS, crab-apples; II. ii. 188.
CRACK, to burst (with reference to magic bands, or perhaps to the crucibles and alembics of magicians); V. i. 2.

DEAR, zealous; I. ii. 179.
DEAREST, most precious object; II. i. 140.
DEBOSHED, debauched; III. ii. 30.
DECKED, sprinkled; I. ii. 155.
DEEP, profound, wise; II. i. 271.
DELIVER, relate; V. i. 313.
DEMANDED, asked; I. ii. 139.
DEW-LAPPED, having flesh hanging from the throat (a reference probably to the victims of "goitre"); III. iii. 45.
DIS, Pluto; IV. i. 89.
DISCASE, undress; V. i. 85.
DISCHARGE, performance, execution; used probably as a technical term of the stage; II. i. 259.
DISTEMPERED, excited; IV. i. 145.
DISTINCTLY, separately; I. ii. 200.
DOIT, the smallest piece of money; eighty doits went to a shilling; II. ii. 35.
DOLLAR, used quibblingly with "dolor"; II. i. 18.

Dowle, a fiber of down; III. iii. 65.
Drawn, having swords drawn; II. i. 313; having taken a good draught; II. ii. 163.
Dregs (with reference to the "liquor of the bombard," l. 21); II. ii. 46.
Drollery, puppet-show; III. iii. 21.
Dry, thirsty; I. ii. 112.
Dullness, stupor; I. ii. 185.

Earth'd, buried in the earth; II. i. 239.
Ebbing, "ebbing men," *i. e.*, "men whose fortunes are declining"; II. i. 231.
Ecstasy, mental excitement, madness; III. iii. 108.
Endeavor, laborious effort; II. i. 164.
Engine, instrument of war, military machine; II. i. 165.
Entertainer, perhaps quibblingly interpreted by Gonzalo in the sense of "inn-keeper"; II. i. 17.
Envy, malice; I. ii. 258.
Estate, to grant as a possession; IV. i. 85.
Eye, tinge; II. i. 55.

Fall, to let fall; II. i. 301.
Fearful, timorous; I. ii. 468.
Feater, more becomingly; II. i. 278.
Featly, deftly; I. ii. 380.
Fellows, companions; II. i. 279.
Few, "in few," in few words, in short; I. ii. 144.
-ish, to catch at, to seek to obtain; II. i. 109.
Flat, low level ground; II. ii. 2.
Flat-long, as if struck with the side of a sword instead of its edge; II. i. 186.
Flesh-fly, a fly that feeds on flesh and deposits her eggs in it; III. i. 63.
Flote, flood, sea; I. ii. 234.
Foil, disadvantage; III. i. 46.
Foison, plenty; II. i. 168.
Founder'd, disabled by overriding, footsore; IV. i. 30.
Forth-rights, straight paths; III. iii. 3.
Fraughting, freighting; I. ii. 13.
Freshes, springs of fresh water; III. ii. 76.
Frippery, a place where old clothes are sold; IV. i. 228.
Frustrate, frustrated; III. iii. 10.

Gaberdine, a long coarse outer garment; II. ii. 43.
Gallows, *cf.* "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned"; I. i. 34.
Gave out, *i. e.*, gave up; V. i. 213.
Gentle, high-born (and hence "high-spirited"); I. ii. 468.
Gilded, made drunk (an allusion to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists); V. i. 280.
Gins, begins; III. iii. 106.
Glasses, hour-glasses, *i. e.*, runnings of the hour-glass; I. ii. 240.
Glut, to swallow up; I. i. 67.
Grudge, murmur; I. ii. 249.

Heavy, "the heavy offer"; *i. e.*, the offer which brings drowsiness; II. i. 199.
Help, cure; II. ii. 106.
Hests, behests; I. ii. 274.
Hint, theme; I. ii. 134; occasion, cause; II. i. 3.
His, its; II. i. 125.

Hoist, hoisted (past tense of "hoise" or "hoist"); I. ii. 148.
Hollowly, insincerely; III. i. 70.
Home, to the utmost, effectively; V. i. 71.
Honeycomb, cells of honeycomb; I. ii. 329.

Ignorant, appertaining to ignorance, "i. fumes"="fumes of ignorance"; V. i. 67.
Impertinent, irrelevant; I. ii. 138.
Inch-meal, inch by inch; II. ii. 3.
Infest, vex; V. i. 246.
Influence (used in its astrological sense); I. ii. 182.
Infused, endowed; I. ii. 154.
Inherit, take possession; II. ii. 196.
Inly, inwardly; V. i. 200.
Inquisition, enquiry; I. ii. 35.
Invert, change to the contrary; III. i. 70.

Jack, "played the Jack," *i. e.* the knave="deceived"; IV. i. 198.
Jerkin, a kind of doublet; IV. i. 240.
Justify, prove; V. i. 128.

Key, tuning-key; I. ii. 83.
Kibe, heel-sore; II. i. 281.
Knot (folded arms); I. ii. 224.

Lakin, "Ladykin," or the Virgin Mary; III. iii. 1.
Lass-lorn, forsaken by his lass; IV. i. 68.
Laughter, possibly used with a double meaning; "lafter" was perhaps the cant name of some small coin; still used provincially for the number of eggs laid by a hen at one time; II. i. 33.
Learning, teaching; I. ii. 366.
Lieu, "in lieu of," *i. e.*, in consideration of; I. ii. 123.
Life, "good life," *i. e.*, "life-like truthfulness"; III. iii. 86.
Like, similarly; III. iii. 66.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. i. 248.
Line, lime-tree (with punning reference to other meanings of "line" in subsequent portion of the scene); IV. i. 237.
Line-grove, lime-grove; V. i. 10.
Liver, regarded as the seat of passion; IV. i. 56.
Loathiness, reluctance; II. i. 135.
Lorded, made a lord; I. ii. 97.
Lush, luscious, luxuriant; II. i. 53.
Lusty, vigorous; II. i. 53.

Maid, maid-servant; III. i. 84.
Main-course, the main sail; I. i. 48.
Make, to prove to be; II. i. 270.
Make a man, *i. e.*, make a man's fortune; II. ii. 34.
Manage, government; I. ii. 70.
Marmoset, small monkey; II. ii. 191.
Massy, massive, heavy; III. iii. 67.
Matter, an important matter; II. i. 235.
Meanders, winding paths; III. iii. 3.
Measure, pass over; II. i. 264.
Meddle, to mingle; I. ii. 22.
Merchant, merchantman ("the masters of some merchant"); II. i. 5.
Merely, absolutely; I. i. 63.
Mettle, disposition, ardor; II. i. 187.
Minion, favorite; IV. i. 98.
Miraculous; "the miraculous harp" of Amphion, the music

of which raised the walls of Thebes; II. i. 89.

Miss, to do without; I. ii. 312; to fail in aiming at, not to hit; II. i. 40.

Mo, more; II. i. 138.

Momentary, instantaneous; I. ii. 202.

Moon-calf, abortion; II. ii. 120.

Mop, grimace; IV. i. 47.

Morsel, remnant, "a piece of a man" (contemptuously); II. i. 291.

Mount, raise; II. ii. 11.

Mow, grimace; IV. i. 47.

Mow, make grimaces; II. ii. 9.

Much, "to think it much," to reckon it as excessive, to grudge; I. ii. 252.

Mum, hush; III. ii. 60.

Muse, wonder at; III. iii. 36.

Natural, idiot; III. ii. 38.

Nature, natural affection; V. i. 76.

Neat, horned beast; II. ii. 79.

Nerves, sinews; I. ii. 484.

Nimble, excitable; II. i. 179.

Ninny, simpleton; III. ii. 72.

Nobody, an Elizabethan sign; probably a direct allusion to the print of *No-body,* prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Somebody* (printed before 1600), or to the engraving on the old ballad, called the *Well-Spoken Nobody;* III. ii. 139.

Nook, bay; I. ii. 227.

Note, information; II. i. 253.

Nothing, nonsense; II. i. 175.

Observation, attention to detail; III. iii. 87.

Occasion, critical opportunity; II. i. 212.

Odd, out-of-the-way; I. ii. 223.

O'er, over again; "trebles thee o'er," *i. e.,* "makes thee three times as great"; II. i. 226.

O'erprized, surpassed in value; I. ii. 92.

Of, as a consequence of; or = on, *i. e.,* "of sleep" = "a-sleep"; V. i. 230.

Omit, neglect; I. ii. 183; II. i. 199.

On, of; I. ii. 87; IV. i. 157.

Ooze, bottom of the sea; I. ii. 252.

Or, ere; "or ere" (a reduplication); I. ii. 11.

Out, completely; I. ii. 41.

Overblown, blown over; II. ii. 125.

Overtopping, outrunning; I. ii. 81.

Owed, owned; III. i. 45.

Owes, owns; I. ii. 407.

Own "no man was his o." *i. e.,* "master of himself, in his senses"; V. i. 213.

Painful, laborious; III. i. 1.

Pains, tasks; I. ii. 242.

Paphos, a city in Cyprus, one of the favorite seats of Venus; IV. i. 93.

Pass, thrust (a term of fencing), sally; IV. i. 246.

Passion, suffering, grief; I. ii. 392.

Passion, to feel pain or sorrow; V. i. 24.

Patch, fool, jester; III. ii. 72.

Pate, "pass of pate" = "sally of wit"; IV. i. 246.

Paunch, run through the paunch; III. ii. 100.

Pay, repay; "to pay home" = "to repay to the utmost"; V. i. 70.

Pertly, briskly; IV. i. 58.

Piece, "perfect specimen"; I. ii. 56.
Pied, motley-coated; III. ii. 72.
Pig-nuts, earth-nuts; II. ii. 189.
Pioned, (?) "overgrown with marsh-marigold" (still called "peony" in the neighborhood of Stratford); IV. i. 64.
Plantation, colonization; interpreted by Antonio in the ordinary sense; II. i. 148.
Play, act the part of; "play the men," *i. e.* behave like men; I. i. 11.
Point, detail; "to point," in every detail; I. ii. 194.
Pole-clipt, with poles *clipt,* or embraced, by the vines; IV. i. 68.
Poor-John, a cant name for hake salted and dried; II. ii. 29.
Premises, conditions; I. ii. 123.
Presented, represented; IV. i. 167.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 125; IV. i. 42.
Profess, to make it one's business; II. i. 241.
Profit, to profit; I. ii. 172.
Provision, foresight; I. ii. 28.
Purchased, acquired, won; IV. i. 14.
Putter-out, "p. of five for one," one who invests, *puts out,* a sum of money before leaving home, on condition of receiving five times the amount on his return, *i. e.,* "at the rate of five for one"; III. iii. 48.

Quaint, adroit, trim, excellent; I. ii. 317.
Quality, skill; I. ii. 193.
Quick, living, fresh; III. ii. 76.
Quickens, gives life to; III. i. 6.

Rabble, company, crowd (not used slightingly); IV. i. 37.
Race, breed; I. ii. 358.
Rack, floating cloud; IV. i. 156.
Rate, estimation; I. ii. 92; reckoning; II. i. 114.
Razorable, ready for shaving; II. i. 255.
Rear, raise; II. i. 300.
Reason, what is reasonable; III. ii. 131.
Reasonable, "reasonable shore," *i. e.,* "shore of reason"; V. i. 81.
Recover, restore; II. ii. 76, 85, 105.
Reeling-ripe, "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling"; V. i. 279.
Release, "till your release"=till you release them; V. i. 11.
Remember, commemorate; I. ii. 405; remind; I. ii. 243.
Remembrance, the faculty of remembering; II. i. 237.
Remorse, pity; V. i. 76.
Requit, requited; III. iii. 71.
Resolve, explain to; V. i. 248.
Rid, destroy; I. ii. 364.
Room, sea-room; I. i. 9.
Rounded, "the whole round of life has its beginning and end in a sleep"; IV. i. 158.

Sack, a name applied to certain white wines of Spain; II. ii. 137.
Sanctimonious, holy; IV. i. 16.
Sans, without; I. ii. 97.
Scamels, probably some kind of bird, but not yet satisfactorily explained; II. ii. 193.
Scandal'd, scandalous; IV. i. 90.
Securing, guarding; II. i. 315.
Sedged, made of sedges; IV. i. 129.

Sense, feelings; II. i. 112.
Sensible, sensitive; II. i. 179.
Setebos, the god of Sycorax (said to be the chief god of the Patagonians); I. ii. 373; V. i. 261.
Sets off, *i. e.*, shows to the best advantage; III. i. 2.
Several, separate; III. i. 42.
Shak'd, shook; II. i. 324.
Shroud, take shelter; II. ii. 46.
Siege, stool, excrement; II. ii. 120.
Single, (1) solitary, (2) feeble; I. ii. 432.
Skilless, ignorant; III. i. 53.
Sociable, companionable, being in close sympathy; V. i. 63.
Something, somewhat; I. ii. 414.
Sometime, sometimes; I. ii. 198.
Sore (used quibblingly); V. i. 288.
Sort, possibly a punning allusion to "sort"="lot"; II. i. 109.
Sot, fool; III. ii. 103.
Soundly, thoroughly, smartly; II. ii. 88.
South-west, "a south-west," *i. e.*, a south-west wind (charged with the noxious breath of the Gulf-Stream); I. ii. 323.
Speak, to proclaim; II. i. 8.
Sphere, orbit; II. i. 188.
Spoon, "long spoon," an allusion to old proverb that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; II. ii. 111.
Spiriting, the service done by a sprite; I. ii. 298.
Stain, to disfigure; I. ii. 414.
Standard, standard-bearer, ensign; III. ii. 19; (quibble on "standard" and "stander"); III. ii. 21.
Standing, "standing water," *i. e.*, water neither ebbing nor flowing; II. i. 226.
Steaded, stood in good stead; I. ii. 165.
Still-closing, constantly closing again; III. iii. 64.
Still-vexed, ever troubled; I. ii. 229.
Stock-fish, dried cod; III. ii. 80.
Stomach, courage; I. ii. 157; appetite, inclination; II. i. 112.
Stover, fodder for cattle; IV. i. 63.
Strange, rare; III. iii. 87.
Strangely, wonderfully; IV. i. 7.
Study, to give thought and attention to, to wonder; II. i. 83.
Substitution, deputyship; I. ii. 103.
Subtilties, the word "subtilty" was borrowed from the language of cookery, and denoted a device in pastry, hence "illusion"; V. i. 124.
Sudden, swift; II. i. 311.
Suffered, *i. e.*, suffered death; II. ii. 41.
Suggestion, prompting, hint (*cf.* villainy); II. i. 293.
Sustaining, bearing (them) up; I. ii. 218.
Swabber, one who sweeps or *swabs* the deck of a ship; II. ii. 51.

Tabor, a small drum used for festivities; IV. i. 175.
Taborer, a player on a tabor; III. ii. 165.
Tackle, ropes; I. ii. 147.
Talking, saying; II. i. 99.
Tang, shrill sound; II. ii. 55.
Taste, experience; V. i. 123.
Teen, grief; I. ii. 64.
Tell, to count (the strokes of the clock); II. i. 15.

TEMPERANCE, temperature; Temperance, like Charity, used as a proper name; II. i. 42, 43.
TEND, attend; I. i. 8.
TENDER, to regard; II. i. 275.
THATCHED, covered, strewn; IV. i. 63.
THRID, thread; IV. i. 3.
THROE, to cause pain; II. i. 236.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; III. iii. 14.
TILTH, tillage; II. i. 157.
TO, for, as; II. i. 76; in comparison with; II. i. 183.
TRASH, to check the speed of hounds when too forward; I. ii. 81.
TREBLES; "tr. thee o'er," *i. e.*, "makes thee thrice what thou art"; II. i. 226.
TREMBLING, the *"tremor"* which is represented to be a sign of being possessed by the devil; II. ii. 90.
TRICE, "on a tr.," *i. e.*, "in an instant"; V. i. 238.
TRICKSY, sportive; V. i. 226.
TRIFLE, phantom; V. i. 112.
TROLL, run glibly over (perhaps "sing irregularly"); III. ii. 129.
TWILLED, (?) covered with reeds or sedges; IV. i. 64.
TWINK, a twinkling; IV. i. 43.

UNDER THE LINE; probably a term in tennis; "to strike (the ball) under the line"="to lose the game"; IV. i. 238.
UNDERGOING, enduring; I. ii. 157.
UNICORN (with allusion to its proverbial ferocity); III. iii. 22.
UNSTANCHED, incontinent; I. i. 55.
UP-STARING, standing on end; I. ii. 213.
URCHINS, hedgehogs, hobgoblins; I. ii. 326.
URCHIN-SHOWS, elfin apparitions; II. ii. 5.
USE, to be accustomed; II. i. 180.

VANITY, illusion; IV. i. 41.
VAST, silent void, or vacancy (of night); I. ii. 327.
VERILY, true; II. i. 326.
VIRGIN-KNOT; alluding to the girdle worn by maidens in ancient times; IV. i. 15.
VISITATION, affliction (as of a plague); III. i. 32.
VISITOR, priestly visitant, "consolator"; II. i. 11.
VOUCHED, warranted; II. i. 61.

WAIST, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; I. ii. 197.
WARD, attitude of defense; I. ii. 471.
WEATHER, storm; I. i. 42.
WEATHER-FENDS, defends from the weather; V. i. 10.
WEIGHED, considered, pondered; II. i. 135.
WENCH (used as term of endearment); I. ii. 139, 412.
WEZAND, windpipe; III. ii. 101.
WHEN (an exclamation of impatience); I. ii. 316.
WHILE-ERE, short time since; III. ii. 130.
WHIST, hushed, silent; I. ii. 379.
WICKED, baneful; I. ii. 321.
WIDE-CHAPPED, opening the mouth wide; I. i. 64.
WINK, the act of closing the eye; II. i. 290; (a short distance measured by a "wink"; II. i. 247).

Wink, to close the eyes; II. i. 221.
Wisest, "after the wisest," *i. e.*, "in the wisest fashion"; II. ii. 83.
Woe, sorry; V. i. 139.
Works, affects; IV. i. 144.
Wound, twined about; II. ii. 13.
Wrangle, contend, quarrel; V. i. 174.
Wrong; "to do oneself wrong," *i. e.* "to be much mistaken"; I. ii. 443.

Yare, ready; I. i. 7; I. i. 39.
Yarely, alertly; I. i. 4.
Yond, there; I. ii. 409.
Your (= subjective genitive); V. i. 11.

Zenith, the highest point of one's fortune; I. ii. 181.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What are the possible sources of the play?
2. With what events of Shakespeare's times is the play obviously connected?
3. What seems probable with regard to the Epilogue?
4. What were old beliefs about the Bermudas? What has been thought of them with relation to this play?
5. To what period of the Poet's development does the play evidently belong?
6. What is the general character and atmosphere of the drama? What does Coleridge say of it?
7. What were Ariel's powers and functions?
8. Describe Caliban. Of what is he typical?
9. What philosophical elements does the play convey?
10. What is represented in Prospero?
11. What is demonstrated through Miranda?
12. What through Sebastian and Antonio?
13. Describe the other characters and their places in the development of the theme.
14. Comment upon the dramatic movement and unity of the play.
15. What does Victor Hugo say of the relation of Shakespeare's work to the supernatural?

ACT I

16. In what way is scene i appropriate as the opening of the dramatic action?
17. Is the application of the terms and action of technical seamanship accurate in this scene?

18. What has Prospero ordered by means of his magic with regard to the wreck?

19. What relation has the circumstance of the wreck to his condition that makes it appear a marked destiny?

20. What is his narrative to Miranda? How does he describe his personal interests and pursuits?

21. What natural phenomenon does Ariel's line, "I flamed amazement" suggest?

22. How does Ariel describe his discharge of Prospero's commands?

23. What does he demand of Prospero? What is Prospero's answer?

24. From what fate had Prospero saved Ariel that called for gratitude?

25. How is Caliban introduced? What does Prospero relate of him, of what he had taught him, and its effect upon him?

26. Whom does Ariel first lead to Prospero's dwelling?

27. Describe the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda and the impression they make upon each other.

28. What is Prospero's secret intention with regard to the two?

29. What is his outward treatment of Ferdinand? For what reason is it?

ACT II

30. What reason for their voyage in this region is given by the remainder of the wrecked voyagers in scene i?

31. Where else in the literature to which the Poet might have had access is there such an idea of a commonwealth as Gonzalo presents? Does it appear to bear any relation to the allegorical element of the play?

32. What happens to this party of the characters through Ariel's doings? Who escaped his influence temporarily?

33. What do Sebastian and Antonio plot? What is its outcome?

34. What is the plaint of Caliban? Of what in his natural condition is it significant?

35. To what types of admiration and enjoyment are Caliban's analogous as awakened by Stephano and Trinculo and their liquor?

ACT III

36. What test does Prospero impose upon Ferdinand?

37. How does he bear it? How does it affect Miranda?

38. Describe the sentiment of the scene.

39. How is the behavior of Miranda different from that of a young woman brought up in the civilized world?

40. What is plotted between Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo?

41. What is the purpose of Ariel's interpolations in the scene?

42. How does Prospero bring the King and his companions into his power?

43. Describe the scene of the spectral banquet.

44. Of what may Ariel be considered allegorically the spokesman to the three guilty men who are come to the verge of their death? How does Alonzo's final speech deepen this impression?

ACT IV

45. How is Ferdinand rewarded for his faithfulness in enduring Prospero's test?

46. Is there especial dramatic value in the introduction of the Masque? What was the custom of the time with regard to such interludes?

47. What is Prospero's philosophical reflection on the pageant he has presented for Ferdinand and Miranda?

48. What does Ariel report of the plight of the drunken plotters and Caliban?

49. What does Prospero plan that he may further discomfit them?

50. How are they finally put to rout?

51. What are the final words of Prospero and his promise to Ariel?

ACT V

52. What does Ariel tell Prospero of the condition of Alonso and those with him?

53. What does Prospero resolve with regard to his magic? From what is his speech, in part, borrowed? What is distinctively Shakespearean about it?

54. What is his final charm cast upon Alonso and his companions?

55. What are his reproaches to them when Ariel brings them to his cell? What do they think of their mysterious adventures?

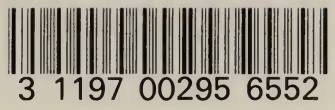
56. What does Prospero send Ariel to the ship to perform?

57. How does he reprove Sebastian and Antonio finally?

58. How does he present Ferdinand to his father again?

59. What is noticeable in Miranda's exclamation upon seeing the newcomers?

60. Describe the resolution.



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